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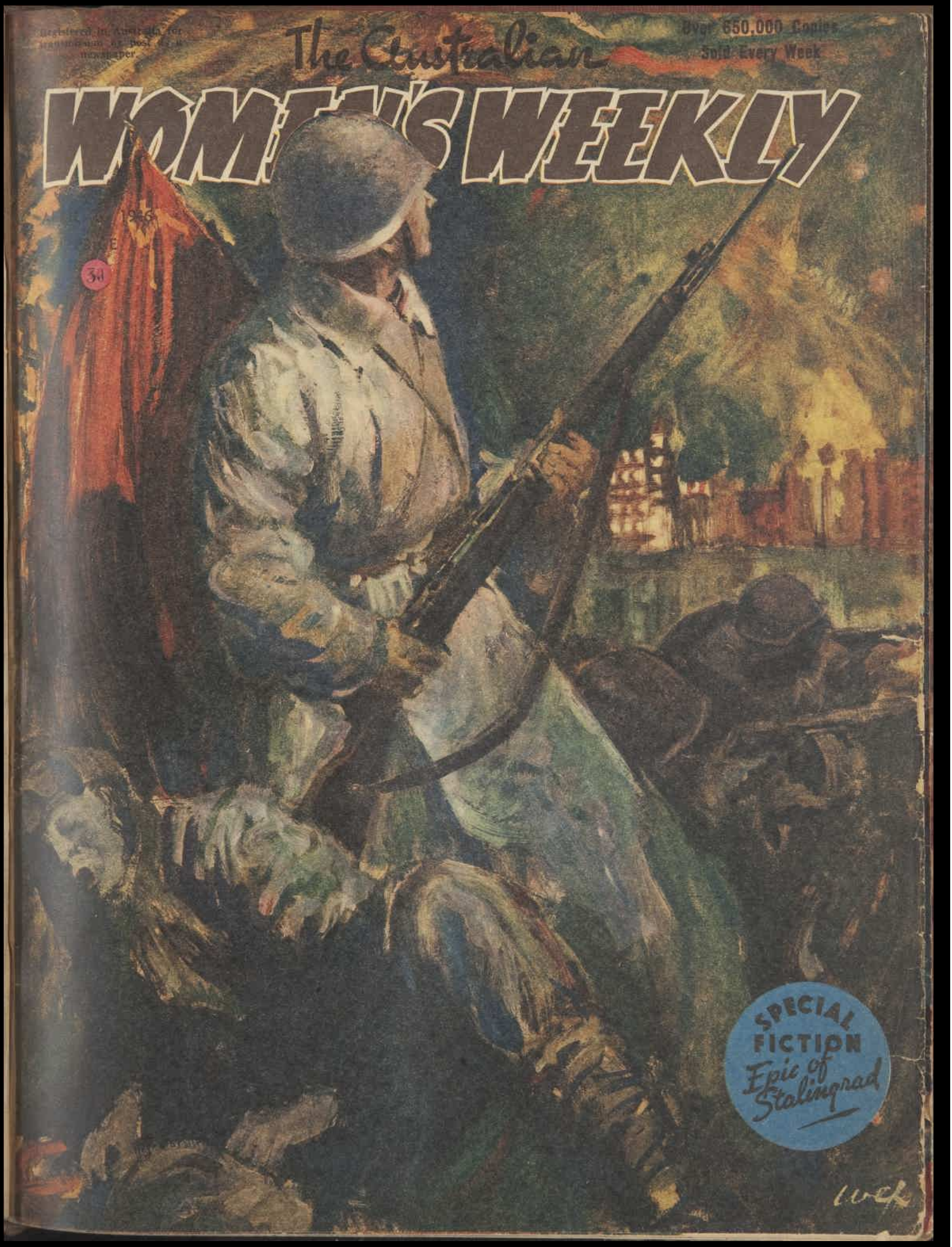

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Lovelier than Ever!

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By B. W. SCHULBERG

JOHN measured the room off in long strides, dictating the final scene of his screenplay to his secretary. That was the way he always worked, from nine until six, with an hour out for lunch. He had been a Broadway playwright for ten years before coming to Hollywood eight or nine years ago. If you looked up John Hammond in the Screen Yearbook you'd find thirty-five or forty screen-credits after his name.

Writing screenplays was as easy for him as falling off a waggon. All that he had to do was to come in at nine o'clock, drink some coffee with a pill in it to settle a nervous stomach, and then start walking and talking. He walked rapidly. The words were like his steps, rapid, definite, nervously paced, and seemingly never ending.

The middle-aged secretary who sat on his couch with her pad on her lap and her pencil poised for the next word prided herself on being the only girl in the department fast enough to take his dictation. And he hated to repeat.

But to-day, Miss Andrews observed as soon as she entered his office, Mr. Hammond wasn't himself. His pacing had changed from its usual energetic rhythm to a sluggish shuffle. And for the third time that afternoon he seemed to lose his place.

"Read the last line back to me."

"'As Tom throws the door open, runs to her bedside and says,'" she read.

"And says," he repeated, blowing more smoke into a room already clouded with it, "and says—oh, nuts!"

As he wheeled from the wall, Miss Andrews was entering his last words dutifully into her notebook. "For pity's sake, don't take down everything I say. You don't think I'd be having an English lord of the eighteenth century say 'Oh, nuts!'"

Miss Andrews flushed. "But last week you told me to take down every single word you said."

"Well, maybe I did," he admitted. "Next time, don't take me so literally."

He saw the hurt in his secretary's eyes, and was irritated with himself for venging his mood on her.

"I'll tell you what you can do," he said. "Start typing the stuff I gave you this morning. Meanwhile I'll be thinking about the end."

But his mind was like a disobedient boy who refused to do as he was told. It did not want to worry about how to get Jean Into Tom's arms for the clinch that eighty million movie fans demanded at the fade-out. It was preoccupied with a decision that John Hammond had to make before five o'clock that afternoon.

He went over to the desk, picked up the official-looking document that offered him a chance to become a motion picture producer at a salary of two thousand dollars a week. He stood there, listening to the voices fighting it out in his head.

Please turn to page 4

Diana came in, hushing the room, poising on the steps a moment, dignified and exquisite.

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Lovelier Than Ever

Continued from page 3

ONE voice said: "Take it. Don't be a chump. You'll never be a great playwright, anyway. That ambition's just a stone wall to beat your head against."

Then came the other voice:

"Turn it down. Remember what the critics said? 'Here is the boy with the ear, the eye, and the heart to write the great American play.' What if that was almost twenty years ago? The ear and the eye and the heart are still good. Only give them a chance. Chuck the big money. Go back to the theatre and roll up your sleeves."

The mental tug-of-war went on. John stared out the window, he stared at the contract, and he stared at the picture of Diana Williams framed on his desk.

A year ago it wouldn't have been so difficult to make up his mind. Because a year ago his mind had been free of Diana Williams. But now she was part of his living and thinking, the woman who would affect and be affected by the decision he was about to make.

He studied the picture, a beautiful portrait, as fascinated by the timeless loveliness of her face as he was the first moment he caught sight of her making an entrance to a party not quite a year ago.

It was a timeless beauty because, as John remembered thinking at the time, there was no age group into which it seemed to fall. It had neither the dewy freshness of twenty nor the settling handsomeness of thirty nor the decadent attraction of forty.

Her skin was creamy white, her eyes sky-blue, her hair fair, high cheek-bones shadowed by hollows that gave a haunting quality to her face and the line that curved up from her chin to her neck was the kind that society artists are always painting on the faces of women whom they hope to flatter into exorbitant fees.

It was a face that always reminded John of a hot-house orchid, a marvel of aesthetic perfection, almost too perfectly formed, too perfectly colored, too perfectly preserved to seem wholly alive.

Diana seemed to be a perennial bloom. No one knew how old she was, but it must have been fifteen years since her last close-up had its last devastating effect on the male population of the country. And yet, there was not a wrinkle, not a bulge, not a hard line, nor a middle-aged sag of chin or cheek, not a single one of the erosive marks that fifteen years will leave on a woman's face.

If anything, she looked lovelier than ever. Yes, those were the words for Diana.

It had become a Hollywood habit to say, "Here comes Diana Williams, looking lovelier than ever."

John was still staring at the picture, still wondering what it was about Diana that jolted him from the confirmed bachelorhood to which he had become accustomed and resigned. He knew it wasn't that perennial beauty that everybody was always gushing about. Oh, he wasn't too old to gape at her like a smitten Harold Teen the first time he saw her entering a room. But he was too old to mistake infatuation for the very special kind of long-winded love that marriage demands.

No, it had been infatuation for two or three minutes, the two or three minutes before they were introduced. Fifteen minutes later a chance acquaintanceship was ripening into friendship and by the end of the evening . . .

John remembered it well, a big, sprawling, noisy, over-populated party given by his producer to celebrate the triumphant opening of a picture John had written, the kind of party that made John wish he were back in the country, working on his plays before his Hollywood days.

Diana had come in, hushing the room for a moment, poising on the steps and looking over the party in a gesture of composure that had great dignity to it when it might have been haughty.

"Congratulations," she said in a cool, quiet, and not too youthful voice, "I loved the picture."

John had been receiving praise for twenty years. But he still blushed and hung his head and twisted one foot round like a schoolboy when he heard it. "Thanks," he stammered. "But I—well, I was only the writer. Jim—it's Jim Lord who really deserves the credit."

"Yes," she said. "I know Jim. I used to work for Jim in the silent days. But that moment when the doctor tells the boy that Shirley is going to live, walks away from him, and the boy looks after him and says, 'Thanks for tryin', doc. But you might as well be level with me. You may be a great surgeon, but you couldn't play a walk-on in a third-rate stock company.' That, well, that wasn't Jim."

Then she ran through the whole picture and identified all the touches John had contributed from those that Jim Lord had added. John looked at her in amazement. He had already catalogued her in his mind as: Variety, hot-house orchid; type, hardy perennial; habitat, Hollywood. But when the shiny red wax-like lips began to move they produced real words, not the "isn't Mimsi Taylor's hat the cleverest thing?" type of thing that came to the other shiny lips like the mechanical sounds of life-sized mamma dolls.

John talked with her until her drink was gone, and then when he turned toward the bar for another he said to her, "Now stay right here. Don't move. You're the first person I ever succeeded in talking with at a party, and I don't want to lose you. What are you drinking?"

"Thanks," she said. "I don't drink."

"Smoke?"

She shook her head.

"Breathe?"

HER smile revealed two perfect rows of the whitest teeth John had ever seen. "All right, Mr. Smarty," she said. "I have my vices."

"Ah-hah," John grinned. "Now the play begins to get interesting. A lady is just a sawdust doll until we know her defects. What's yours, Miss Williams?"

"Being beautiful," she said.

"That doesn't look like a defect from where I'm standing," he said.

Her smile was pretty but not empty. "From where you're standing it's not supposed to . . . it's from where I'm standing—a woman of forty-three . . ."

He looked up in surprise. Diana Williams, who looked lovelier than ever, whose age nobody was supposed to know.

"Why do you tell me this?"

She studied him thoughtfully, pausing a moment before she answered. "I don't know . . . but I'd feel too silly trying to fool you. Maybe it's because I've watched you. You don't chase like the others. You're not interested in the babies with the upturned noses and the cute little figures."

The surprising thing about her, John saw, was that in spite of her appearance she talked forty-three, she acted forty-three. Unlike, he observed, so many women who are forty-three.

When John returned with his drink Diana had disappeared. John was amazed at the panic with which he searched the room. He felt deserted, left alone in a hostile camp. When he found her again she was in the hallway, about to leave.

"Hello. I thought you had discreetly slipped away—after that confession about my age."

"That's the most fascinating thing about you," he said. "You're the only middle-aged woman in Hollywood who doesn't lie about her age. And the only one I know who could."

"Sometimes I wonder if I don't lie about my age in a more dishonest way," she said.

That was difficult to understand at first. Later, when they had reached the stage where John could get her on the phone after a late conference and say, "Darling, throw another chop on for me, I'm coming over," he began to realise what she meant.

Please turn to page 19

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The MAN on the ROOF

By WALTER BROWN

WHEN Max Gunter and Detective Farrell shot it out that night on the dark and windy roof of Cardiff Court Flats, the story made all the front-page headlines—for two reasons: First, because Gunter was the directive brains of a ruthless and far-reaching black-market ring; second, because Detective Thomas Farrell, who killed him, was one of our most-decorated war heroes.

Farrell had only recently returned from the Pacific. His discharge went through quickly—in fact he had been back with us at Headquarters only a week or two when the Gunter case blew wide open.

So the first newspaper reports on the Cardiff Court gun battle gave Tom Farrell quite a spread—listing his service record, his medals and citations, and highlighting his personal courage in going up after Gunter single-handed.

And then, less than twenty-four hours later, the story was suddenly changed. Word leaked out that Gunter had been unarmed, defenceless, and that Detective Farrell had simply shot him down in cold blood.

In a Press interview, Farrell made a hot-headed denial of these charges, but the reporters promptly challenged him to produce Max Gunter's gun. Farrell, losing his temper, took a punch at one of the reporters, which did him no good with either the Press or the public, since the reporters had their facts quite straight.

After that, controversy flared up as swiftly as a summer storm. The papers ran angry editorials, demanding an open investigation into the facts of Gunter's death. And harking back to Farrell's war record, they used phrases like "battle complex" and "killer psychosis" to condemn Farrell's action.

The whole question was, of course, a matter of vital importance to Tom Farrell himself, and he had far more than personal vindication at stake. It was important to his chief, Inspector Charles Vaughan, and even more important to Kay Vaughan, the inspector's younger daughter, whom Farrell loved.

To me, Keith Wallace, it also meant a great deal. Not that I was Farrell's friend—quite the contrary. Farrell and I had never hit it off. We had only two things in common: we were both members of Inspector Vaughan's squad—and had been rivals over his daughter Kay.

As it turned out, there was a fifth person with a definite interest in that question of the missing gun—Pauline Vaughan, Kay's sister. But I didn't realise that at the start.

I was off duty the night of the Gunter shooting, but I happened to have my radio tuned in to the police short-wave, and I picked up the code emergency message. I knew it must be something about Gunter, because we'd been hot on his trail for days, trying to discover his hide-out.

By the time I got to Cardiff Court a crowd had collected in the street, drawn by the gun-play on the roof. Dark figures could be seen moving about up there, casting flashlight beams in sweeping half-circles.

A patrol car was parked outside the entrance, and I saw Detective Royle's car there, and Drummond's. The caretaker of the flats, a florid-faced man named Tucker, was on guard at the front door.

"There's been a shooting up on the roof," Tucker explained after I had identified myself to him. "A fellow named Gunter—one of our tenants—tried to get away from a detective, and was shot. There are half a dozen police up there on the roof now. Shall I take you up?"

So Tucker took me up in the lift to the top floor. When we got out, we found the hall crowded with excited tenants, clustered round a door where a policeman stood on guard.

"That's Mr. Gunter's flat," Tucker said, but we didn't stop there. He led the way to the end of the hall and opened what looked like an ordinary cupboard. Inside was a steep, narrow staircase leading up to a skylight on the roof.

We climbed to the skylight and I said, "All right, Tucker, thanks," and stepped out on to the roof. It was a weird spot that night. There was a bright moon, but it kept dodging in and out of scudding clouds, and the wind came in sharp gusts.

Inspector Vaughan was up there with Royle, Drummond, Tom Farrell, and one of the officers from the patrol car. Gunter's body sprawled face down a few feet from the cornice, and Royle focused his torch as I bent down for a look. Gunter was a dark-skinned, heavy-jowled, foreign-looking man.

"Dead?" I asked.

"Not yet," Royle replied grimly. "The ambulance is on the way. Funny part is, Farrell says they shot it out—but we can't find Gunter's gun."

Farrell's voice cut in, sharp and angry, arguing with Drummond: "Keep looking. The gun's round here somewhere!"

"But where?" Drummond replied. "We've been over every inch of this roof twice now." He paused, then added in his slow drawl: "You are sure he had a gun, Farrell?"

"Listen, Drummond!" Farrell's voice crackled. "I know when I've been fired at—I know what bullets sound like going past my head. Or are you trying to call me a liar?"

"Take it easy," Drummond said. "All I know is that we can't find the gun. No sign of empty shells either."

"Well?" Farrell retorted. "It could have been a revolver, couldn't it?"

"It could," Drummond admitted. "But it's still missing."

Farrell flushed with anger. "Go ahead, Drummond—say it! I lost my head and turned the blast on Gunter! I shot him down without giving him a chance! That's what you're hinting, isn't it?"

"Well, Farrell," Drummond said slowly, "if Gunter had no gun, and the papers find out he was mowed down——"

"That'll do, Drummond," Vaughan cut in sharply then. "Gunter fell near the edge of the roof—his gun might have dropped down over the cornice. If it did, we'll find it on the ground below. Royle, go down there and make a thorough search."

Farrell turned away in silence, lighting a cigarette. As his head bent over his cupped hands, his handsome profile was an angry cameo in the brief flare of the match. Inspector Vaughan turned to me.

"Wallace," he said. "I left my car parked down below. My girls are waiting down there now for me—we were driving home when I caught this flash. Go down and tell them not to wait any longer. I may be here for hours yet."

"Yes, sir," I said, and as I headed for the skylight exit he called after me: "Tell Pauline to drive. Kay's too hard on those thin tyres."

There was a solid line of parked cars in the street, but Kay and Pauline saw me coming and honked the horn. As I came up, the car door swung open and Kay stepped out hurriedly. Her hands caught fiercely at my wrist and clung, and her violet-blue eyes were wide and dark.

"Keith!" she gasped. "Tell me—what happened? Is Tommy all right? He's not—hurt?"

There had been a time when this outburst of Kay's would have hit me a terrible jolt, for its meaning was plainly written on her face, in her eyes, in her voice. She had just revealed her love for Tom Farrell, as plainly as if she had said it in so many words.

But now I could take it in my stride. I'd known long ago it was coming.

"Take it easy, Kay," I said. "Tom's all right. What gave you the idea anything had happened to him?"

She looked at me, not speaking, still clutching my arm. But her eyes were wet and shining, and relief flooded her face in a tide of color. It was Pauline who answered me.

"We were waiting here, when we overheard someone saying that two men had killed each other up on the roof. I tried to tell Kay——"

"Forget it, Kay," I said. "Tom's not even scratched. He had to plug a fellow—one of that black-market gang we've been after." I turned to Pauline. "Your father asked me to tell you not to wait. He'll be busy up there some time yet."

By that time Kay had calmed down.

As Pauline slid in behind the wheel, Kay got in beside her. "We'll see you later, Keith," she said.

Pauline didn't say anything, but just before the starter whirred, she reached out and touched my hand, her smile frank and direct, her dark brown eyes warm with understanding.

Please turn to page 21

"Keith!" she said anxiously. "Tell me—what happened? Is Tommy all right?"

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Nice Girls get Married

By
DANA BURNET

Judge marched toward the wedding group, Pat's shorts clasped in his jaws.

I HAVE a friend named Patrick. Patrick has a dog named Judge. Judge has charm. So has my friend. So have I, for that matter; but the dog is doubly blessed because he can express his charm at both ends.

A handsome collie, he can wag his beautiful bushy tail and he can smile. His wagging is for the world in general, his smile is for his master alone. Or it was, until a woman entered his life. And Patrick's.

Patrick Lawrence had a sad countenance. This was because he had just been honorably discharged from the Army. He came home to his bachelor quarters on Wilshire Boulevard, and his reunion with Judge was the only bright spot in his return to civilian life. Judge greeted him with such an ecstatic smile that Patrick promptly decided to stay at home and loaf before reporting for his old job.

He put his uniform in moth balls and bought a pair of deep blue shorts to match his mood.

But though he sunned himself religiously on his terrace, took his vitamin tablets and drank plenty of orange juice—as a chaser—his low state of mind persisted. His housekeeper, a capable and kindly matron named Mrs. Binns, spent meat coupons recklessly on the theory that he needed sustenance. But man does not live by steak alone.

One monotonously fair morning Patrick saw a young woman sunning herself on the terrace across the patio from his flat. The three-story block of flats in which he lived consisted of two wings separated by an open space which, because it had a palm tree growing in the middle of it, was called the patio.

Patrick occupied the penthouse of the east wing. Now, obviously, its twin on the roof of the west wing had been taken by a tenant whose gender was unmistakable. She had long golden legs and golden hair, and her youth was revealed by a sketchy flowered sunsuit.

Patrick remarked to his dog Judge, who, as usual, was close beside him, that she reminded him of something.

"That reminds me," said Patrick, staring across the fifty-foot width of the patio, "that I haven't fallen in love for a long time. Romance is what I need, Judge. The shock of it would have a therapeutic value comparable to the coma induced in advanced cases of mental depression. Besides, I'd enjoy it. I'd give anything to be able to fall in love again. But it's got to be real. I won't put up with any passing fancy. Passing fancies are stimulants. What I want is the sedative of a lasting love."

He paused and looked down at his faithful collie, who sat listening to every word. "Go out into the highways and the byways, Judge, my friend, and find me a girl I can love for better or for worse. Preferably the former."

Unconsciously, perhaps, Patrick had accompanied this command with a gesture toward the figure on the opposite terrace. Judge drew back his lips in an understanding grin, gave a short bark, and at once dashed away.

A flight of stairs led directly down the outside of the building to the patio, and a similar stairway ascended to the roof of the other wing. Before Patrick realised Judge's intention, the dog had arrived on the girl's terrace and was approaching her with the same determination that his forebears had employed in rounding up sheep.

"Judge!" yelled Patrick. "Come back!"

HEARING this shout, the girl roused herself from the sun-couch in time to see Judge retreating with some reluctance from her premises. She also saw Patrick standing in blue shorts on his patch of roof, and it may be that she observed the attractive masculinity of his figure, tanned and tall against the sky.

Still nothing might have happened, as nothing so often does, had it not been for the dog's single-minded devotion to his master's need. The next evening, as Patrick was in his room dressing to go out to dinner, he received a startling present from Judge.

The collie strolled in from the terrace carrying in his mouth an article of clothing that proved, on examination, to be the lower or pants part of a lady's sunsuit.

The pants were gaily flowered. They belonged, without question, to the girl across the patio. Patrick assumed that Judge had stolen them; but even then he wondered how the collie could have managed such a delicate bit of larceny. The garment, or garments, showed no evidence of appropriation by force.

"In any case," Patrick said rather severely to Judge, "my moral obligation is plain." He stuffed the pants in his pocket, straightened his tie, brushed his unruly cowlick down, and went to call on the girl. She herself answered his ring. She had on a tailored suit, she wore bright beads round her neck and vivid earrings, and she looked wonderful.

"Good evening," he said, in his most charming manner. "I'm Patrick Lawrence. I've come to return this, or these." He handed over her property. "I don't know whether they're plural or singular."

She looked surprised, then moderately amused.

"In the circumstances, I'd say singular. Where did you get them?"

Patrick quickly explained. He added: "My dog Judge seems to have developed a touch of kleptomania. I don't understand it. He's never gone wrong before."

She said she didn't understand it, either, but there was no mystery about Judge's theft. That afternoon she had washed her sunsuit and hung it over a chair to dry. Obviously, she concluded, the dog had filched her pants while she was indoors dressing, and wondering where to go for dinner. She smiled as she said this, and looked at Patrick. She added that she loved dogs and please not to punish Judge, because he was so sweet.

Patrick said righto, and if she was still wondering where to go for dinner he knew a place called The Meatball, run by a retired magician who could pull veal cutlets out of a hat. Her eyes—she had violet eyes with long, light lashes—grew large and round and she said righto; her lips remained curved round the word in a faint smile that Patrick found soothing.

They had dinner together that night and every night for a week thereafter, and Patrick felt progressively soothed.

Her name was Lucy Bond. She was an actress who had a small part in a play then running at one of the theatres.

Exuberantly, during dinner, he pointed out to her the remarkable similarity in their tastes. They loved dogs, they both loved hot dogs with mustard. Then he sighed and added that he supposed there was some man back home who—— He stopped there, for by this time they had reached that harmony of spirit which makes finished sentences unnecessary.

No, she said, there was no man who—— She had been too busy earning a living on the stage to become seriously interested in——

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AN exhausted woman sat leaning against the clay wall of the shed and in a quiet, tired voice told how Stalingrad had burned.

It was dry and dusty. The woman's legs were bare and burned, and while she spoke she raked the dust with one hand on to her inflamed foot, as if trying to dull the pain.

Captain Saburov stood listening quietly to the woman, looking over her head at his troops unloading from their train directly on to the steppe beyond the last houses at the edge of the town.

At the far end of the steppe, the white band of a salt-water lake shone in the sun. The entire scene looked to him like the very edge of the world. Here, in September, they had reached the last railroad station east of the Volga, the nearest to Stalingrad. From here to the bank of the Volga they would have to go on foot.

The little town was called Eltonskaya, after the name of the salt lake.

The woman talked on and on. Although her words were the same old words, they suddenly gave Saburov a sinking of the heart. Formerly they had retreated from town to town, from Kharkov to Valuiki, from Valuiki to Rossosh, from Rossosh to Boguchar, and in just this same way the women had cried, and he had listened to them with a mixed feeling of shame and weariness.

But here was the naked steppe east of the Volga, the edge of the world. And in the words of this woman there was not a tone of reproach, but one of despair. There was no longer anywhere to retreat to in this steppe. For a long way behind them there were no towns, no rivers, nothing.

"Where have they driven us?" he whispered to himself. And all the limitless grief of the days gone by, when he had looked out over this steppe from the platform of a freight car, was compressed into these words.

At this moment his feelings were bitter, when he remembered the frightening distance between where he was now and the frontier where the war had started. They could not go on like this. Here, in Eltonskaya, he suddenly felt that they had reached the line beyond which there could be no more retreating.

He looked at the soldiers hurriedly climbing down from the railroad cars, and he wanted somehow to push as quickly as he could through this dust to the Volga. He wanted to cross the river and to feel, suddenly and finally, that there would be no recrossing of it, and that his personal fate would be decided on the other bank, together with the fate of the city.

If the Germans took the city, then that would mean he would certainly die. If he could keep them from taking it, then maybe he would live.

The woman, sitting at his feet, kept on talking about Stalingrad. One by one she named the streets that had been destroyed and burned. Their names, strange to Saburov, were filled for her with some special meaning. She mourned them all, as if she were talking not about a great city, but about her own home, where all the things belonging to her personally had come to utter ruin.

Wiping her tears finally with the end of her kerchief, the woman said thoughtfully and with conviction: "How much money! How much work!"

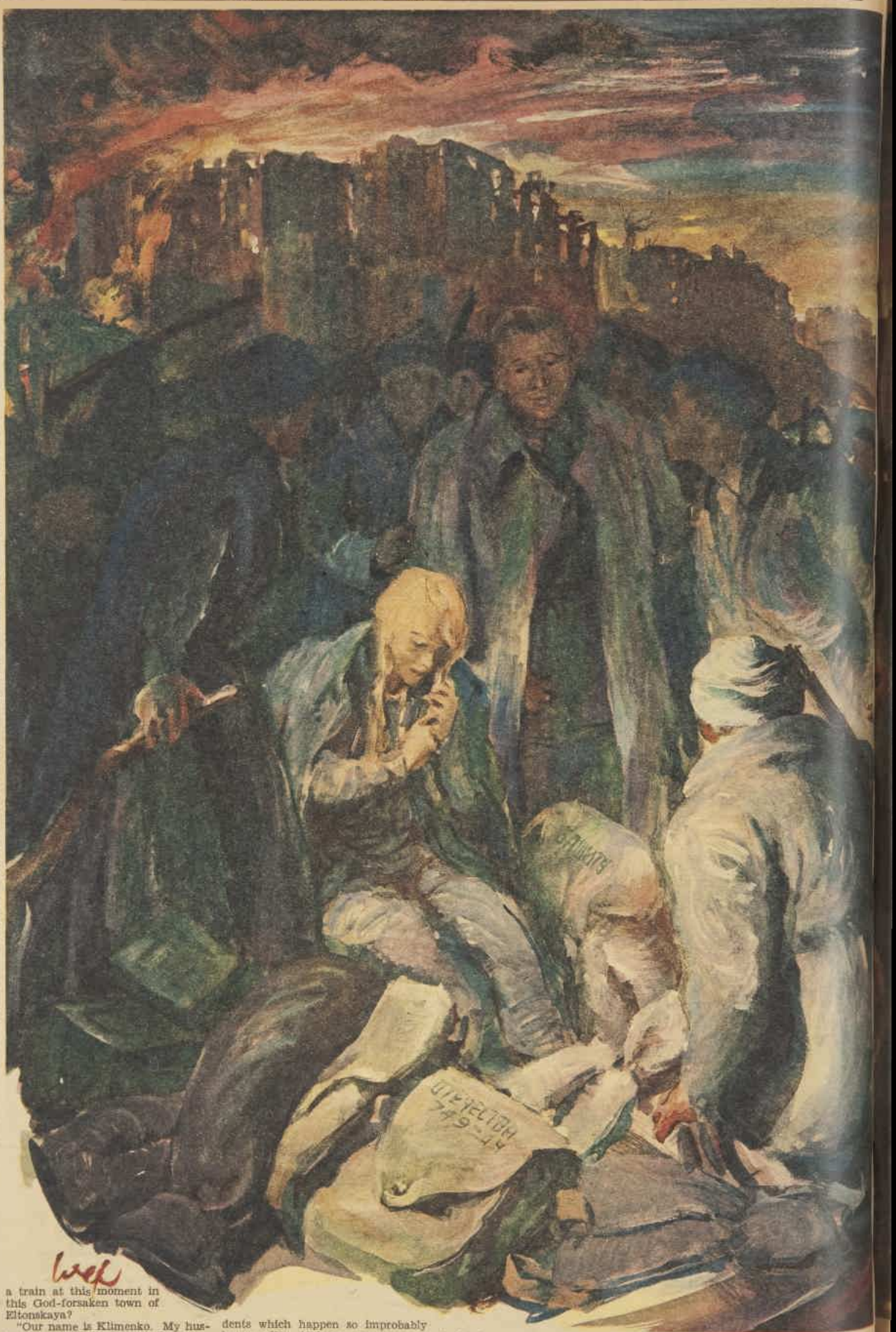
"What work?" Saburov asked, not understanding immediately what she meant.

"Building it all up again," the woman said simply.

He asked the woman about herself. She said her two sons had gone to the front long ago; one of them was already killed. Her husband and her daughter had probably stayed in Stalingrad. When the bombing and the fires started she had been alone, and since then she had heard nothing of them.

"Are you going to Stalingrad?" she asked.

"Yes," said Saburov. He saw no military secret in this. Why else, except to go to Stalingrad, would a Red Army battalion be getting off a train at this moment in this God-forsaken town of Eltonskaya?



"Our name is Klimenko. My husband is Ivan Vassilievich Klimenko, and my daughter is Anya. Maybe you will meet them somewhere," the woman said with a vague sort of hope in her voice.

"It could be," Saburov gave the answer he always gave. Then he thought it might actually happen, that some time he might really meet them, by one of those strange accidents which happen so improbably but so often during a war.

The battalion was finishing its unloading. Captain Saburov said goodbye to the woman, and after drinking a dipper of water from a pail placed in the street for the soldiers, he walked over to the railroad tracks, a big, heavy figure, tall and broad-shouldered.

The soldiers sat on the rails. They had taken off their boots and the coarse linen cloth that they wore wrapped round their feet instead of socks. Some of the men who had kept part of the ration given them in the morning were eating bread and dry sausage.

Saburov walked along the railroad line. The train in which the commander of the regiment, Babchenko, was travelling should arrive at any minute; and until then one question would have to remain unanswered: Should Saburov's battalion begin its march to Stalingrad without waiting for the other battalions, or should the entire regiment start together the next morning, after sleeping here?

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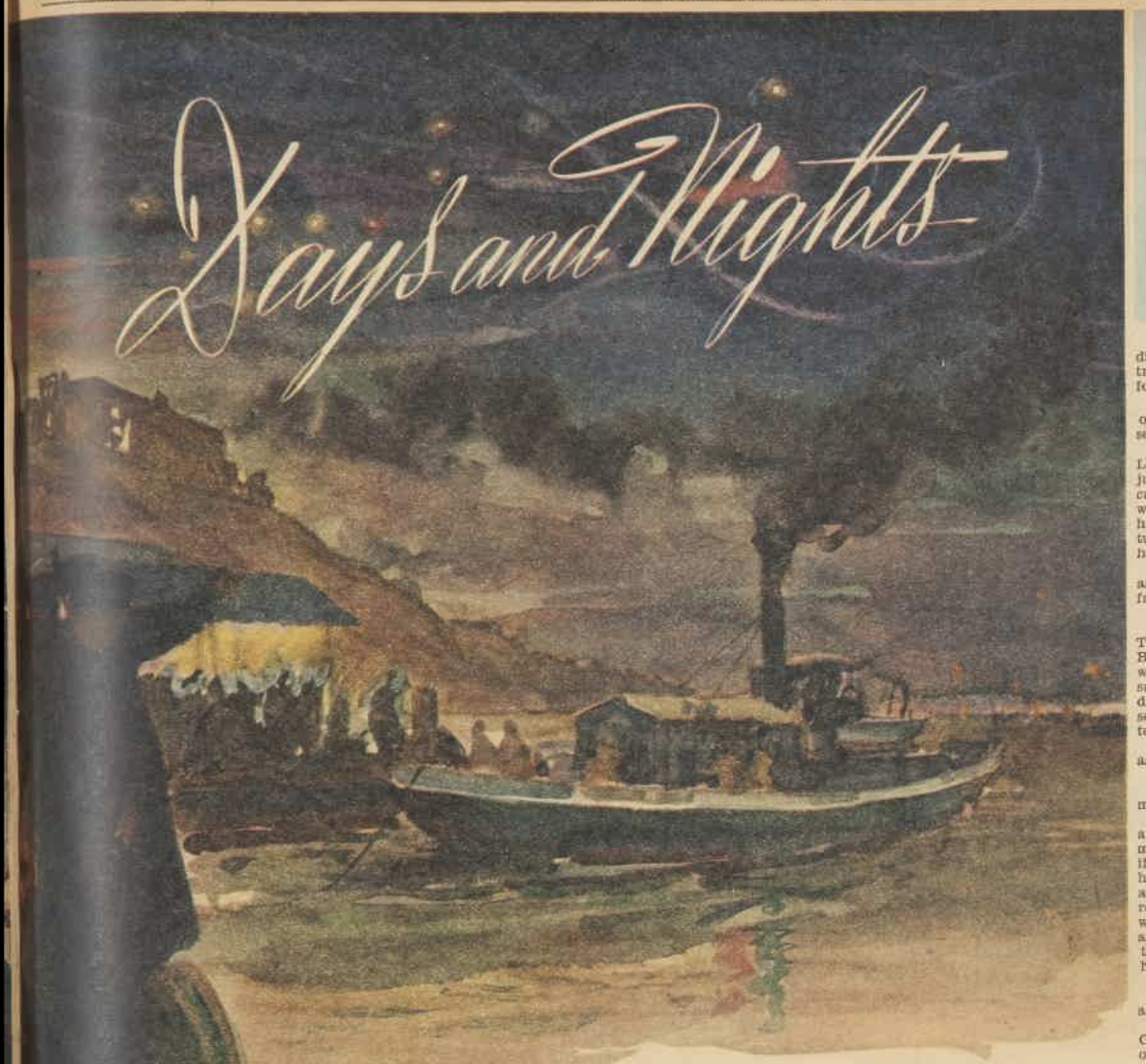
Days and Nights

KONSTANTINE SIMONOV'S

world best seller, a magnificent story set in besieged Stalingrad

(Translated from the original Russian by noted war correspondent Joseph Barnes)

Opening instalment



This was Stalingrad, thought Saburov, that flaring sky, the sunken steamer, those half-drowned men — the nurse, squeezing the water from her hair.

Captain Saburov walked along the tracks and looked at the men with whom he would go up to the front line the day after to-morrow. Many of them he knew well by face and name. These were "the men of Voronezh," as he called those who had been with him in the fighting near Voronezh. Each of them was a man to be cherished, because you could command them without explaining all the little details.

They knew, for example, when the black drops which were bombs falling from an aeroplane were dropping straight on them, so that they had to lie down, and when the bombs were falling farther away, so that you could watch them fall. They knew that when you are under mortar fire it is no more dangerous to move forward than to stay where you are.

Soldiers like this made up one-third of his battalion. The rest were going to see war for the first time.

By one of the railroad cars, standing guard over equipment which had not yet been unloaded, stood a private who caught Saburov's attention from a distance by his Guardsman's bearing and his thick red moustaches standing out like spears from his face. When Saburov walked up to him he stood smartly to attention, and with straight, unmoving eyes looked in the captain's face.

The way he stood, the way he was dressed, the way he held his rifle, all betrayed a soldier with many years of service. At the same time Saburov, who could place almost all those who had been with him near Voronezh before the reorganisation of the division, did not remember this soldier.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Konyukov," the soldier answered, still looking straight into the captain's eyes.

"Have you been in action?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Przemsyl."

"Well, well. That means you retreated all the way from Przemsyl."

"Not at all. We went forward there."

Saburov looked at him in surprise. "When? Last year?"

"Not at all. In 1916."

"So."

Saburov looked at Konyukov attentively. He had a serious face, even solemn.

"In this war, have you been in the Army long?" asked Saburov.

"No. This is my first month."

Saburov looked again with satisfaction at Konyukov's strong face, and walked on farther.

By the last car he met his chief of staff, Lieutenant Maslennikov, supervising the unloading. Maslennikov reported to him that in five minutes the unloading would be finished, and looking at his square wrist-watch asked: "Comrade Captain, may I check my watch with yours?"

Saburov silently took his watch out of his pocket. It was fastened to its strap with a safety-pin. Maslennikov's watch was five minutes slow. Distrustfully he looked at Saburov's old silver watch with its cracked crystal.

Saburov smiled. "Never mind," he said, "change yours. In the first place, it was my father's watch, made by Bure. In the second place, you'd better get used to the fact that in war the correct time is always that of your commanding officer."

Maslennikov looked again at both watches, carefully changed his own, and, saluting, asked if he might go. He had been in charge of the trip on the train, and now this unloading was the closest he had come to a front-line assignment. Here, in Eltonskaya, it seemed to him he could almost smell the nearness of the front. He was excited with his first taste of war. Everything assigned to him to-day by Saburov he had carried out with special accuracy and exactness.

"Yes, yes, go right ahead," said Saburov after a moment's silence.

Looking at this red-cheeked, boyish face, so full of life, Saburov wondered anxiously what it would look like after a week when the dirty, exhausting, merciless life in trenches would have stamped itself for the first time on Maslennikov.

A small engine, puffing, pulled up on a siding with the long-awaited second train.

The commander of the regiment, Lieutenant - Colonel Babchenko, jumped down from the step of the car while it was still moving. He was always in a hurry. He twisted his leg as he jumped, swore, and turned toward Saburov, who was hurrying toward him.

"How is the unloading going?" he asked in a surly voice, looking away from Saburov.

"It is finished."

Babchenko looked around him. The unloading obviously was finished. But his sullen look and severe tone, which Babchenko considered necessary in all conversation with subordinates, demanded that he make some kind of observation in order to support his own prestige.

"What are you doing now?" he asked abruptly.

"I am waiting for your orders."

"It would be better to feed the men than just to let them wait."

"If we are going to move forward at once, I had decided to feed the men at the first stop for rest. But if we are going to spend the night here, I had decided to give them a hot meal here, in an hour," Saburov answered slowly, dragging his words a little, as was his custom, and with the quiet logic which particularly irritated the eternally hurrying Babchenko.

The lieutenant-colonel was silent.

"Do you want them to eat now?" asked Saburov.

"No, let them eat at the first break. Get started, without waiting for the others. Order your battalion to form ranks."

Saburov called Maslennikov and ordered him to line the men up. Babchenko kept a sullen silence. He was used to doing everything himself, and just because of this he was always up to his neck in detail, always hurrying, and often not accomplishing what he set out to do.

The fact that Saburov stood quietly beside him, the commander of the regiment, doing nothing, irritated Babchenko. He liked to have his subordinates sweat and run. But he never achieved this with the quiet Saburov. Turning round, he began to watch the column forming ranks. Saburov stayed by his side. He knew that the commander of the regiment did not like him, but he had become accustomed to this and he paid no attention to it.

For a minute they both stood silent. Suddenly Babchenko said, still without turning toward Saburov, but in quite a different tone, with unexpected anger and venom in his voice:

"Just look what they are doing to our people, the swine."

Beside them, marching with difficulty along the tracks, filed a long line of refugees from Stalingrad, tattered, exhausted, many of them wearing bandages which were grey with dust.

Both men automatically looked in the direction in which the regiment was about to march. There lay the same low steppe as here, except that the dust, hanging over the little hills, looked like faraway puffs of battle smoke.

"The assembly point will be in Rybachi," said Babchenko. "Proceed by forced march and send messengers back to me." He was speaking again with his former sullen expression on his face. He turned away and went back to his railroad car.

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Spectator
sportswear
CREATED BY LUCAS

Yours for the

By . . .

ALEC RACKOWE

"SOMEONE'S taken the cottage," Susan said as she rode toward the beach.

Linda didn't look at her daughter. Susan rode her bike as if it were part of her, but Linda always had to watch the road.

"He's nice," Susan said, and Linda chanced a swift glance. Her front wheel wobbled and she hastily looked before her; but she had glimpsed Susan's thin brown face, the two uncompromising pigtails, the eight-year-old body in shorts and flapping shirt.

Linda's blue eyes darkened. "You really shouldn't come out here all alone—and talking to strangers isn't wise, darling."

"Oh, but I don't talk to just anyone," Susan piped. "Only nice people! I can tell, Mummy."

Linda said uncertainly, "Perhaps we shouldn't use the beach, now that the cottage is occupied."

"It's all right. I asked him."

Linda marvelled for the hundredth time at her daughter. She didn't know where Susan had got this sureness, this matter-of-fact confidence. Not from her, and not from Vincent Raleigh, either. For under his surface charm Vincent had been suspicious, unsure.

The narrow path petered out. When they had wheeled their bikes into the shrubs the cottage came into view, sitting on its knoll above the sandy beach. The sun made golden diamonds of the panes in the bayed windows. It was small and low, and red-roofed.

There was no one in sight. No Sunday picnickers from the city.

Susan let her ancient bike fall to the soft ground and cried, "Last one in is it," and ran down to the sand, pulling the blue shirt over her head.

They ate their lunch when they had swum—the sandwiches, cake, and milk. Under the tan Susan was reddening, and Linda could feel her own fair skin prickling with the sun and the drying salt of the heavy water.

She sat against the warm rocks, slim and golden, her eyes half closed. These were the moments she looked forward to. When she and Susan were alone like this. Week days she had to stay in the little bookshop, telling people what this or that book in the lending library was about; checking up on lists; trying to get books people asked for. They were all nice to her—as if she didn't know they were all aware how poor she was; how she had to manage to make what the shop brought in take care of her and Susan. They went out of their way to do things for her, things that made her eyes sting because her pride hated for her to take when she couldn't give in return.

She let her breath go. Susan said, "Hello," and Linda raised her silky lashes.

A man was coming up the beach, limping slightly. A tall man in grey slacks and an oatmeal jacket. Dark-haired, save for the single strand of white at one side of his head. Lean-cheeked, brown-eyed. A man in his late thirties. He said, "Hello, Susan," and smiled. When he did so, the whole rather serious cast of his face changed. He stopped as he got to them. He looked at Linda, his eyes widening in a startled tribute to her youth, her looks. He turned his head to Susan, and his brows lifted for just a moment.

"The water is grand. You ought to go in," Susan said.

He leaned against the rock above Linda. "I was in this morning. I'm an early bird."

Linda couldn't see him, only his long legs, the narrow feet in sandals. She saw Susan's thin, interested, wholly receptive face. "Was it cold?"

"Not as cold as the Mediterranean. But cold enough."

"It's warm now," Susan said.

Linda moved self-consciously. Her soft lips tightened. "I'm afraid we're trespassing. We used to come here when the cottage was empty. I didn't know until Susan told me that it was occupied."

There are some gifts no money could buy, she found.

He was lighting his pipe. The odor of tobacco was pleasant. "You're not trespassing." He gestured lazily. "This isn't mine. This air and sun and water. You won't disturb me a bit." He looked out at the sparkling sea. "Grand, isn't it?"

It was Susan who said, "It's our favorite place."

"Then come again—just as you always have." He took the pipe from his mouth. "I'll leave you ladies to your siesta. So long."

Linda murmured, "Good-bye," but Susan piped, "So long."

He lifted his hand and went up the beach.

"He's always had it," Susan said conversationally.

"What?" Linda asked, her lashes lifting.

"That white piece of hair. It turned white when he was a boy. He's nice, isn't he? I told you."

Linda looked at her daughter. "I suppose he told you how he came to be lame, too?"

"He said it was the—the proper reward for being—" She screwed up her eyes, remembering. "Too blessed inki—nk——"

"Inquisitive?"

"Yes. That's it. What does it mean, Mummy?"

Linda told her. She wondered at Susan, even envied her. She took things so easily, was never bothered. She, Linda, couldn't. Life and Vincent Raleigh hadn't let her. It was queer how she could think of such things.

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ASKING

Vincent hadn't meant anything to her for years, not even in dying. He'd swept her off her feet when she was eighteen, daughter of a penniless schoolteacher. He'd been a different person after he married her, when he was running selfishly through the fortune his father had left him. He'd dissipated that before he left her.

He was dead, but what he had made her feel still governed her. Vincent had made her feel that she was a parasite—taking, never giving. Only her pride had upheld her then, and now it demanded that for everything she received she give in return. That was the only way to hold your independence, your self-respect. To give as much as you received and hate it when you couldn't . . .

It was three miles to the township. The one main street drowsed, deserted in the sun, when Linda and Susan returned home.

Linda unlocked the shop door. They left the bikes behind the stairs and went up to the living-rooms. The blinds were drawn, but it was still hot. She watered the phlox in the window-boxes while Susan hastily took her shower. She could feel the heat of the sun tingling her body, and she thought regretfully of the beach. They couldn't go there any more, even if a tall man with a white lock of hair and a warming smile said it was all right.

The phone rang as she wrapped the white terry-cloth robe about her and came from the shower. Susan put her head in the bathroom door, her nose and cheeks shining with fresh burn. "It's Mrs. Tomlinson, Mummy."

Mrs. Tomlinson was abrupt, her firm voice belying her sixty-odd years, attesting the certainty of her wealth, her standing: "I'm giving a buffet supper for Marnie Sebring—Mark Sebring, the writer. I want you to come. To-night."

Linda said, "It's very kind of you, Mrs. Tomlinson," even as she felt the instinctive desire to say, "No," just as abruptly. Mrs. Tomlinson was one of her best customers, but Mrs. Tomlinson was always doing things for her. "I'm afraid, though . . ."

"I'll send a taxi for you," Mrs. Tomlinson said. "It won't do you any harm. You sell the man's books, so you might as well meet him. We need a pretty face. Be ready at seven."

The phone clicked. Linda got up slowly, her cheeks pink. It was a party, and she was only twenty-seven.

"Mrs. Tomlinson wants me to go to a party at Rockhaven."

Susan's face lighted. "What fun for you, Mummy. What will you wear?"

"I shouldn't leave you alone," Linda said, and Susan widened her eyes, puffing out her cheeks, her nose wrinkling. "Mummy, I'm not a baby. I'll be all right."

She would. Susan wasn't afraid to be alone. She'd listen to the wireless after her supper, and then go to bed, serene. It was Linda who was afraid.

Susan said reassuringly. "I can call you if I want to. I know the number."

That was for her benefit, Linda knew, marvelling afresh at her daughter. "I really shouldn't," she demurred, but Susan said, "Oh, Mummy, do. Then you can tell me all about in the morning."

The taxi came just as Linda had finished dressing. Susan sat in the chintz chair, robe over her pyjamas, her dark eyes approving. "You look lovely, Mummy. Parties are fun, aren't they?"

Linda gave her reflection a last quick look. Under the golden tan her cheeks were flushed. Parties were fun. She felt a little breathless lift. She smiled at Susan, and then the taxi honked.

It was still glowing sunlight when Linda got out of the car at Rockhaven and walked round the huge house to the terraces.

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"I'm afraid I'm too tired to dance," Linda told Jerry, aware of Mark nearby.

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Good night... Sweet Dreams

Tomorrow's another day . . . . .

YOU snuggle lazily down between cool sheets . . . cosily adjust a pillow . . . languorously relax, thinking it's good to be drowsy . . . and sleepy. You close tired eyes . . . sigh contentedly . . . then sleep . . . and sleep . . . and sleep. (Awaking next morning fresh and eager . . . thankful to whoever-it-was who first told you about MILO.) Or perhaps we're wrong. Maybe you don't sleep like that. Maybe you've given MILO the "go-by", never understanding how a vitaminised blend of pure country milk and malted cereals (no matter *how* delicious and soothing) could help to induce the sound, restful sleep you long for every night.

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Husbands THREE

By . . .
MATT TAYLOR

THE pixies—or perhaps the gremlins, if there were gremlins as far back as ten years ago—laid hands on Miss Stoneygate once a decade, it seemed.

It happened first when she sat before Mr. Heppelwaite, applying for a job as his secretary.

She had just returned to the city from the wedding of her third and last younger sister, and she was anxious to get the job. Not that Mr. Heppelwaite, a grumpy forty-two and very much married, seemed interesting. It was The Company, which paid excellent salaries. Miss Stoneygate spoke her piece and awaited the verdict.

"You seem very well qualified, Miss Stoneygate," Mr. Heppelwaite said.

Then it happened. She said, "Mrs. Stoneygate."

It may have been the pixies or the gremlins playing tricks with her vocal cords so that the wrong word came forth. Or, since she would have liked very much to be married, it may have been simply her subconscious mind expressing its pique at being the only one of the Stoneygate girls to remain unmarried. At any rate, she said it. With a single word she threw away maidenhood. It happened without her planning it, or even willing it; without benefit of clergy or common sense or any rational explanation at all.

Mr. Heppelwaite frowned. "As a rule we do not employ married women," he said. He cleared his throat, searching for the most pompous way of saying it. "We find the dual job of homemaking and business is not conducive to efficiency."

This was in 1936, when executives could be, and were, choosy.

Miss Stoneygate silently bemoaned her lapse. She drew a deep breath and went overboard a second time. "I am a widow," she said.

Mr. Heppelwaite looked relieved. "In that case," he said, "we would like to have you with us."

Having taken a husband and killed him off, Miss Stoneygate saw no reasonable way to retract. As time went on, her deceit was not unpleasant to her; she could manufacture a perfect paragon of a man for the benefit of her office friends.

The years passed and she was known to the whole office as a pleasant but hardly dangerous young widow.

Those who came to her tiny flat saw on her mantelpiece a photo of a vacant-eyed young man—he was really one of her uncles in his younger days—who, she explained, was her lately departed. They were sympathetic, but urged her to marry again and not live alone with her memories, however sacred. This she would have been glad to do. But every man in the office was married, and she had none but office friends.

Miss Stoneygate soon became used to her boss' impeccable office ways. He was, in his own mind, all that the high-powered executive should be, worthy head of The Company, which he spoke of as though it were some kind of heavenly body second only to the sun in importance to mankind.

To leave The Company's employ was rank ingratitude, economic suicide, and base betrayal. He loved routine and orderly procedure, and when his wife died as he was approaching fifty, Miss Stoneygate was sure that, aside from the grief, he was deeply annoyed.

But with all his faults he was fair and generous; he had given his secretary, after five years of service, a special two-month vacation, which she spent basking in the sun at the home of her Great-Aunt Harriet. Mr. Heppelwaite was furthermore a sensitive soul and easily hurt, and Miss Stoneygate had always been chickenhearted about hurting people's feelings. Thus it was, when she planned to resign after ten years, that she was faced with a question of procedure.

"The man's a cad!" he shouted, banging the table angrily.

It had happened that Aunt Harriet had finally died and left her niece five hundred pounds. This would provide a vacation and a spot of leisure while Miss Stoneygate looked round for a new and more exciting job to give her the change of scene she needed so badly. She was now thirty-six and it was high time she hoisted herself out of her rut.

It was to be done the next morning, and she sat in her apartment considering. She could say simply, "I'm resigning," and leave Mr. Heppelwaite aggrieved, hurt, annoyed, and shocked all at the same time. He would then ask, in his let's-analyse - this - in - executive - fashion tone of voice, if The Company had been unfair to her in any way, or if he himself had been personally objectionable.

She considered her reply. She might say, "The Company has been very fair and generous to me. But, Mr. Heppelwaite, I don't really care about The Company. It manufactures turbines and compressors and all sorts of weird things I don't know anything about and don't want to know anything about. Perhaps if The Company made things I like—rayon undies, or real giddy perfume, or upside-down cake with chocolate sauce—I might be interested. But as it is, it isn't fun. It's a grind. So I'm going to find something more exciting."

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Australian Picnic

CHOPS are burnt till they are thoroughly black.

ANTS, SPIDERS, SNAKES MAKE IT ORDEAL FOR ALL BUT TOUGHEST

By LARRY BOYS

I'VE only been here a couple of days when my brown and beefy Australian friends decide that it's high time they took me on a picnic.

"A real Australian picnic," they say. "A combination beach-bush-sailing-swimming picnic such as you can't get anywhere else in the world.

"It'll be a change from your namby-pamby English stuff, with rain and fog and tram tickets all over the place."

Right-ho, then, away we go. I've hardly got myself into the boat when a wench in a Polynesian-looking suntop says:

"You a sailor?"

"Er—that's right."

"Well, get up forrard where you won't be in the way."

Considerably abashed and painfully conscious of my blushing English knees, I crawl round the mast and try to look like a spare jib sheet. Not a bad imitation at that.

There's one thing I must say for my friends' boat; she capsizes beautifully and readily. Half way across the harbor she goes over with a graceful flourish, while everybody roars with laughter. That is, everybody except me.

A sun-bronzed Amazon says it's a good job there aren't any sharks around, and somebody says they just saw a fin but they think it was a porpoise. I don't feel so good.

"Holy smoke," I say, "you got sharks around here?"

"Of course," they say, "we've got thousands of 'em."

No warning

I LET out a groan. "You should have told me all this before you brought me along."

They all dissolve into riotous mirth.

"Cheer up, old boy," they say. "If you gotta go, you gotta go."

Eventually a motor boat takes us in tow and we arrive at the little cove which is our destination. In spite of my being blue with cold they drag me in for a swim and seem surprised that I can't steam along at a rate of knots like a pocket Weissmuller.

Then they set up a deck tennis game on the beach and reduce me to complete exhaustion in five minutes.

I am immediately ordered, as a non-combatant, to take one of the girls up into the bush and collect some firewood.

Fair enough. I pick up a dead branch and an enormous spider the size of a man's hand jumps out and leers at me.

While I stand petrified with terror, my fair companion kicks it contemptuously to one side with her bare foot.

"It's only a tarantula," she smiles. "They're harmless. The funnel-webs and the redbacks are the ones you have to watch. They're killers."

"Got many of them?"

"Oh, millions of them all over the place," she says cheerfully. "And be careful of the ticks as you walk along. They're deadly. And watch out for snakes."

I'm reduced to a state of abject fear and trembling.

I stand there, rooted to the spot, while she bustles around in the underbrush collecting bits of wood and dead branches. In a horrified, unchivalrous sort of way I am lost in admiration of the careless bustling manner in which she defies the sudden, agonising death which lurks in every bush and shrub.

I feel a bit self-conscious as we walk back to the beach, she with her arms loaded with firewood, myself with not even a twig.

Somebody produces some anaemic-looking chops, plunges them in salt water, and proceeds to burn them until they are thoroughly black. At the same time, one of the girls unwraps the sandwiches.

This is the opportunity the ants and flies have been waiting for all day. In a wonderful combined land-air operation reminiscent of the Middle East campaign, they occupy the whole lunch in a perfectly executed three-pronged attack.

With the sandwiches gone, I apply myself grimly to a dour chop, spitting out bits of charcoal and grilled seaweed.

This is washed down with a weird beverage strongly flavored with gum-leaves, wood smoke, and cigarette ends, euphemistically described by my friends as "billy tea."

Afterwards I relax a little to recover from the effects of the meal and everything. But not for long. The ants, flushed with their earlier success, begin to get big ideas.

Pretty soon they discover that my tender English flesh is literally "easy meat."

With whoops of antic joy they descend upon me in swarming hordes. My body is tingling from a thousand simultaneous little injections of formic acid.

With a blood-curdling howl, which must have been heard in New Zealand, I leap to my feet and hurl myself into the water. It is a beautiful dive—one of these hurtling Australian ones. But I see the rock just a fraction of a second too late . . . . . .

It's a nice, comfortable, hospital bed. I should be as right as anything in a few months.

There isn't really much wrong with me, apart from a touch of influenza, severe sunburn, and concussion.

But I think you will pardon me for thinking a bit wistfully of our quiet little English picnics, which, apart from an occasional capricious thunderstorm or a playful little blizzard, are comparatively uneventful.

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Green pastures and hard work after floods

FARMERS Tom (left) and Dan Maddern, of Killarney, start job of clearing up the thousands of onions which were washed into their courtyards.

Octogenarian Victim

"ME no happy but me make happy talk," is the philosophy of 81-year-old Chinese market gardener Sing Gip, whose well-kept garden vanished in the floods.

With his garden went his plans for retiring and returning to China to see his wife and eleven children.

When I talked to Sing Gip he was having a cup of tea with his neighbor, Mrs. Gat Sing.

Tears mingled with laughter as he tried to tell me in his broken English what he had lost.

"Pumpkins gone, onions gone, land gone, everything gone. But

Amazing optimism as people begin rebuilding

By MARY COLES

When I visited Warrnambool in the Western District of Victoria I saw smoke curling peacefully from every chimney-top as the flooded houses began to dry out. The flood waters had receded and the pastures looked greener in the benign autumn sunshine.

Hundreds of farmers, townsfolk and their families were beginning the heartbreaking job of rebuilding their homes and livelihoods.

WITH an incredible optimism the men were repairing broken fences and farm buildings, while the women were scrubbing out the mud-filled houses and washing furniture and clothes.

It was with a pang of disappointment that I heard later that rain was falling again and once more threatening their homes.

All over Australia in areas where there are or have been disastrous floods, men and women are also coping with the same trail of dreary devastation.

The first family I talked to when I visited the flooded district was the Madderns, who live in the tiny township of Killarney, "a little bit of old Ireland" nestling in the fertile slopes near Port Fairy.

Mrs. Maddern, widowed twelve months ago when her dairy farmer husband Tom was tragically drowned while swimming, is finding the job of turning their flood-ruined house into a real home again worth while, because it means the family can still "stick together."

There are nine boys and girls in the family, ranging from four-year-old Olive to 23-year-old Mary.

Together they are still milking their forty cows a day. The cows were lined up morning and evening at a neighbor's dairy until the boys had cleared their own milk shed and paddocks of onions, which were washed all over their land by the flood waters.

"If the cows got down on the onions the milk would be tainted, but it's no good growling," philosophised Mrs. Maddern as, with Mary and Dorothy, she bent her back to scrubbing and hosing the floors of the house for the umpteenth time in an endeavor to clean up with gallons of water and yellow soap.

As in other flooded houses the stench of water and silt-soaked rooms is pretty bad.

"The terrible smell when the rooms are closed is the worst part about it," the girls chorused. "There was so much manure in the silt."

Additions to the household since the floods are insects galore, particularly red-backed flying spiders which now infest the place.

Their flock of 30 hens has been reduced to one shiny-feathered black lady. She was unconcernedly hopping up and down off the front verandah and fossicking round among the host of personal belongings strewn round the yard to dry. Somehow she provides a sort of reassurance that life does go on as usual.

The greedy gobbles of the remaining 36 turkeys (there were 50) sound comforting, too.

And, of course, there are neighbors—magnificent neighbors who lend a hand and share a bed, a shirt, and the contents of their larders.

Going through the flooded districts flood victims talk more about the heroism, bravery, and kindness of their neighbors than about their own personal losses.

Friendly neighbors

IT is their warm, friendly encouragement and the reassuring smiles that say "Everything will be all right. We're all in this together," that count the most of all.

At Woodford I found the McLachlan children, Valda, Alice Rose, Margaret, Max, and Dorothy gathered round a water-saturated cabinet gramophone drying out in front of the tiny post office, which is the home of the Arthur Wilkinsons. Legs deep in mud which had once been a lawn, the pride of the Wilkinsons, the gramophone valiantly churned out a dizzy little 1914 polka.

To its rhythm Mrs. Wilkinson pegged washing, washing, and more washing on the line.

Although she confessed she honestly did not know whether she was driving the dirt in or out in the constantly boiling copperfuls of clothes, the music helped her to do it with a lighter heart.

GALLONS OF WATER are needed to clean mats and carpets soaked with water and silt. Mrs. T. Maddern and her daughter Dorothy are busy on the job.

For the Wilkinsons, the devastation, which shows in the form of wallpaper hanging in limp strips from the walls, hopelessly ruined clothing, household effects and cherished books and photos, means that Arthur won't be able to take things a bit easier, as he had planned in order to regain his delicate health.

He has a gastric ulcer as a hangover from his soldiering as a Tommy in the 1914 war.

During the last six years, so as to make things easier, he has gone off every day to work in the boiler-rooms at Warrnambool knitting mills five or six miles away, while his wife has managed the tiny post-office.

Just before the rains came he was about to give up his job and give himself a chance to get really fit while pottering about running the post-office, minding the poultry and a couple of cows.

"Yes, it is pretty tough," said his wife, "but we certainly aren't going to give in."

"No, we're not going to give in."

This was the phrase I heard a dozen times.

Many lives have been lost. Bonfires in the paddocks mean the cremation of glossy-coated fat dairy cattle, and prime mutton has been pitifully drowned.

Floods are ruthless, but they are matched by the sheer courage of the people.

DEAD STOCK are a nation's loss. Mr. Paddy de Clerq, of Crossley, inspects the drowned animals after the waters had gone down.

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Editorial

APRIL 6, 1946

OCCUPATION OF JAPAN

WHILE units of the Australian occupation forces continue to arrive in Japan, plans are being made for an Australian contingent to go to London for the Victory March.

The two matters bear some relation to each other.

If there were no Australians among the victors occupying Japan, we might ask ourselves whether we should assume the right to march in London.

For the occupation of Japan and all its responsibilities to educate and restrain the Japanese people comprise a post-victory task in which Australia must share as fully as she shared in the fighting.

General MacArthur's Chief of Civil Information and Education, Brigadier-General K. R. Dyke, recently returned from Japan to the U.S. He was startled at Americans' lack of interest in the occupation.

To most people of the United Nations, victory was the supreme moment. They do not constantly renew that gratification by reminding themselves that their victorious warriors are astride Japanese soil.

General Dyke said that as a result of this apathy some Japanese are optimistic enough to believe that the occupation would end in two years.

Australia should heed his warning.

The continued occupation and the regeneration of Japan are essential for Australia's future security. The men and women sharing in that job are as important as any force that ever left our shores.

Princesses on Royal tour

Will travel with their parents to Sth. Africa

Cabled by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

The two Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret, are thrilled about their first trip abroad which they will take early next year when the King and Queen visit South Africa.

Up till now the Princesses have shouldered all the hard work of Royalty without enjoying any of its usual pleasures.

PRIME MINISTER of South Africa, General Smuts, who will entertain the Royal Family at his home, "Libertas," in Pretoria.

THEY'VE never had a holiday abroad. They don't know the sunshine of the fashionable Continental pleasure resorts or what a ski holiday is like in Switzerland.

Now they are busy studying Afrikaans

The Duke of Windsor, as Prince of Wales, took the trouble to learn this tongue, which is spoken by 60 per cent. of white people in the Union, and won for Royalty and Empire he hearts of the reserved Afrikaanders of whom a section lean towards separation from the British Commonwealth.

When the ship bearing the Royal visitors enters Capetown Harbor it will be harvest time

A dazzling spectacle of fruit, sun, and color will gladden the eyes of the King and his family, after their six years in the sombre austerity of Britain at war.

South Africa wants them to take a holiday from strain among its people, and so the Royal tour will not be as strenuous as the previous visits of the Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, and the late Duke of Kent.

South Africa's ageing statesmanlike Prime Minister, General Smuts, first made the invitation to the King last July when he was in England after the San Francisco Conference.

Return by air

ALTHOUGH it may be months before the details of the tour can be shaped, it is understood that Their Majesties will travel there by ship and fly back.

This saving in time would enable them to visit other British territories outside the Union, such as Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, and Basutoland.

Britain's latest and most modern battleship, H.M.S. Vanguard, which Princess Elizabeth launched, and which shortly undergoes its final trials, is mentioned as a likely choice for the tour, which should follow the general itinerary of previous Royal visits, but with fewer engagements.

South Africa's first native-born and untitled Governor-General, the Right Hon. Gideon Van Zyl, came to England with his wife last December and met the King before his inauguration

They are a homely, unpretentious couple, very fond of gardening. They will entertain Their Majesties in the official residences in Capetown and Pretoria.

The King and Queen will probably stay with General Smuts in his lovely home, "Libertas," also in Pretoria.

Except in the big cities the Royal Family will practically live in the well-equipped State train with a dining-car serving meals the equal of any in the world.

The lovely private homes and estates placed at the disposal of the King's brothers on earlier tours are now full of war casualties and convalescents.

Highlights of the visit should include a motor trip round the wildly lovely Marine Drive of Cape Peninsula; the famous war dance and charge of Zulus, Africa's finest natives, who have always performed for Royalty; a stay in Kruger National Park, in the Transvaal (where wildest animals roam freely but don't molest cars), and visits to the gold mines in Pretoria, and the romantic Kimberley diamond mines.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH wears a simple style tunic frock for this new study of her taken by Cecil Beaton at Buckingham Palace.

Hunting season

IF the tour lasts two months, His Majesty will be in time to indulge in his favorite sport, game hunting, as the season opens in April.

As Duke of York he has already visited East Africa on a big game trip.

Princess Elizabeth, who has recently taken to wearing ostrich feathers, is sure of a grand welcome in an ostrich farming country whose once rich industry nearly went bankrupt over the changing whim of fashion.

Thanks to her influence on feminine styles, it looks like being revived.

With an earnest sense of her responsibilities she is a keen student of constitutional history, especially of dominion government, and looks forward to testing her theoretical knowledge by seeing the Union administration in practice.

Princess Margaret is anxious to ride over the open veldt.

Both the Princesses are good horsewomen and don't intend to neglect opportunities for their pet sport.

One practice of the then Prince of Wales which especially endeared him to the Boers was to descend from the Royal train, accept a horse, and ride into the town at the head of a "commando" of thousands of horsemen who had flocked in from their farms to greet the train.

This tour will make history and marks the full development of a series of Royal tours begun 85 years ago.

It will be the first time a reigning monarch and his family have visited a dominion and ma be the final blow to the agitation in some quarters for a break with the Empire, which had, however, subsided during the war years in face of a common enemy.

Like South Africa, Canada, too, has a mixed population, but racial and sentimental differences were forgotten in a united welcome which grew delirious as contact made them aware of Their Majesties' personal charm during the Royal tour there before the war.

Interesting People

LORD GODDARD

. . . no highfalutin ideas

KNOWN as "see-for-himself judge," 69-year-old Lord Goddard, white-haired, plump, widower and grandfather, is England's newly appointed Lord Chief Justice. Says, "I hope to uphold dignity of the law yet maintain a reputation for leniency. I have no highfalutin ideas and no time for frivolities." Also has no time for politics. His is one of the few non-political appointments to the post. Formerly Lord Justice of Appeal.

MISS ELEANOR MANNING

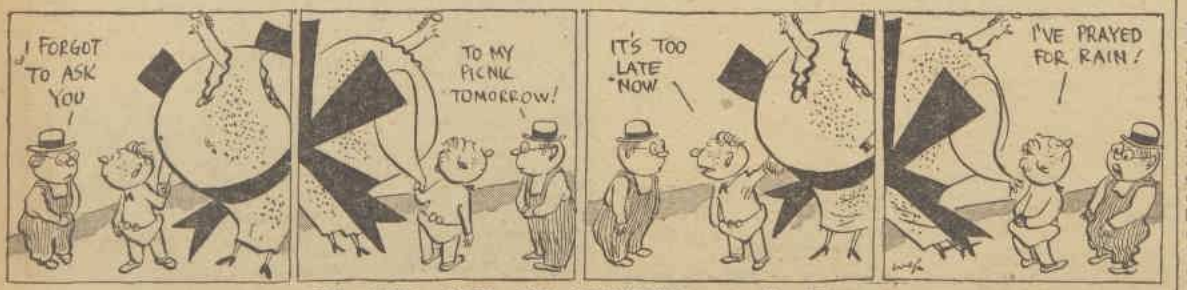
. . . Malayan relief work

RELIEF work in Malaya lies ahead for Eleanor Manning, of Sydney, as one of four women going from Australia in the Guide International Service. Main job will be to care for destitute women and children. Miss Manning's association with Girl Guide movement goes back 20 years. She is now the Deputy Chief-Commissioner in N.S.W. For three and a half years she was in A.W.A.S., and after 18 months' service became Deputy-Controller.

Mr. W. Macmahon Ball, M.A.

. . . Allied Council in Tokio

IMPORTANT appointment for Australia is that of Mr. W. Macmahon Ball as representative on the Allied Council in Tokio for the United Kingdom, India, Australia, and New Zealand. It is first time an Australian nominated by the Australian Government has been selected as diplomatic representative of England. Son of a clergyman, he was a pupil of Caulfield Grammar School and a student at Melbourne University. Forty-four years old, with greying hair, he has a liking for country life. Bought an 18-acre farm at Eltham, Victoria.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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Continuing . . . Lovelier than Ever

from page 4

DIANA wasn't telling a little lie with her mouth which the rest of her face contradicted. Her lie began at nine o'clock in the morning, when her masseuse arrived. It persisted through the afternoon while her hairdresser touched up her hair and her beautician massaged her face with an electric vibrator. Then the lie passed for its beauty nap, slipped on its evening gown, and flitted out into the evening like a butterfly that spends four-fifths of its life in a drab cocoon preparing for its brief moment of beauty in the world.

Diana was living a lie, but John had been too much in love with her to notice it until one evening when he dropped in unexpectedly with a manuscript he had just finished.

The depth of their love hadn't been measured by the number of times they had been seen dancing together. What had made John first begin to question his bachelorhood was the number of evenings they could spend together.

It was the first sense of companionship that he had found in Hollywood. He had learned to depend on her, not only for company, but for criticism. So he thought nothing of dropping in at midnight as if it were five in the morning.

"Darling," he said, "I've just finished the last scene. I can't wait for you to hear it."

He began to read, too absorbed to notice Diana peeking at her watch and pursing her lips uncomfortably. Until finally she said, a little desperately, "John, I think it's wonderful so far . . . but I think I'd better finish it in the morning."

"Swell, swell, just half an hour more," John said in that distracted, nervous way he had when he was working.

Diana rose. "John," she said, "I'm awfully sorry. But I should have been in bed half an hour ago."

John looked up for the first time. "Now, darling," he said, "I don't mind this twelve to eight business most of the time. But to-night, once in a while, an extra hour or two . . ."

"I suppose you'll think I'm silly," she said. "But, well, any other woman my age could stay up all night and people won't even notice. But I—I'm on a spot. You know how they watch me, John—I've made such a point of it . . ."

"A point of it," John said. "You mean a job of it. You haven't got time for an unimportant thing like marriage. You're the Lovelier Than Ever Girl."

"Marriage," Diana said. "Who said anything about marriage?"

"I did," said John. "I'm proposing to you. But remember this, I'd marry you if the bags under your eyes reached to your chin."

"And they will if you go on keeping me up this way," Diana promised.

John turned away from the memory of that scene and back to the contract again. Then he looked at his watch. Just a few minutes past four. He buzzed for his secretary and asked her to get Miss Williams on the phone.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hammond," she told him a few minutes later, "but Miss Williams' maid says she's resting and cannot be disturbed."

"Oh, let me talk to her," he said impatiently. "Hello, Sofie, this is Mr. Hammond. Be a good girl and wake Miss Williams for me—it's very important."

But Sofie could not be budged. "I can't never wake her until five, Mr. Hammond. That's the law."

Ten minutes later John drove up to Diana's house. "Tell Miss Williams to come down, Sofie. I've got to see her right away."

"Mr. Hammond, you don't know what you're askin'," Sofie said. "I'd a lot sooner stick my head into a furnace than wake Miss Williams up."

"Then I'll do it *myself*," John said, and his long legs left the stairs behind three at a time.

He knocked. There was no answer. He pounded on the door.

"Darling," John's voice crackled, "it's me. I've got to speak to you."

"But, John—I can't possibly talk to you now. Come back at five-thirty, dear."

"Five-thirty will be too late. Throw something round you, Di—I'm coming in."

He heard her cries of protest as he threw the door open. What he saw when he entered made him halt in amazement. Stretched out on a great canopy bed was a woman's figure wrapped in a silk lounging robe which he recognised as Diana's. Covering the eyes was a small black mask. The rest of the face was hidden in a white clay-like substance. Her hair was pulled from her head in taut bunches squeezed into electrified metal tubes. A triangle of black skin-tape pointed down the ridge between her eyes, and a leather chin strap stretched from ear to ear.

Diana sprang from the bed and tore off the mask. The stiff white coating on her face hid the fury that filled her eyes.

"John, you ought to know better than to break in on me looking like this."

"But how could I know you were all made up like a circus clown?"

"Get out," she said. "Please get out. You mustn't ever see me like this again."

"Diana, I don't care what you look like. I—we've got a problem we've got to talk over together—straight away."

But Diana ran across the room into her dressing-room and slammed the door behind her.

"Diana," John called angrily, "come out of there and stop acting like a child. What are we going to do after we're married?"

"That has nothing to do with it," her voice came through the door hysterically. "No woman likes to be seen unless she's at her best. Especially to someone she — she loves."

"But I fell in love with a woman—a forty-year-old woman. If I wanted to spend the rest of my life with a beautiful face, I ought to marry a wax model in a shop."

"Diana, I want you to come out and talk with me," he continued.

"Darling," she pleaded. "If you don't leave me alone I'll look dreadful."

"All right," he said slowly, and his voice was edged with cold finality. "You can go on looking lovelier than ever. I'll leave you alone. Not only now, but to-night, and the nights to come."

John went back to his office and banged out a note to the studio boss. He was very sorry, he said, but he would not be able to accept the producership that had been offered him. As soon as this script was finished, he was off to New York again to take that last fling at the theatre.

Then he twirled a piece of yellow paper into the typewriter and began to write what he thought would be the fade-out scene that had been hanging over him all day. But his fingers had another idea—a better one, and the keys of his typewriter began to pound out his fury as he wrote:

"LOVELIER THAN EVER
"A short-short
by
JOHN HAMMOND.

"Her face was white as the calla-lily's. The beautiful sky-blue eyes stared dreamily into space. And the red lips were parted in a faint, haunting smile.

"'Just look at her!' Stella Statler gushed. "Why, she looks lovelier than ever!"

"'Lovelier than ever,' echoed a tall, grey-haired man with a sad, ironic smile. He was thinking . . ."

The typewriter keys struck down with the violent and inspired and incessant beat of a jazz drummer's. Except for making the grey-haired man a doctor instead of a writer, John was writing his own story, the story of a lady whose whole life is wrapped up in maintaining a reputation for looking lovelier than ever, and of a man who offers her love, but who refuses to share her with the beauty aids that monopolise her time.

John ran into Diana by accident in a restaurant, the night before he returned to New York.

The group she was with were full of laughter and animation, and John watched with sympathy and irritation Diana's straining efforts to match their spontaneous gaiety.

When their eyes met suddenly, Diana's too-bright smile faded from her lips. They looked at each other searchingly. She was the first to look away. A moment later she had regained her composure and was joining their laughter again, tossing her head back with charming and studied grace.

By the time his short story appeared, John was in New York working on his play. Sometimes he would find himself wondering what effect it had had on Diana.

In the heat of composition John had somehow been able to hope that the story might be an object lesson that could jolt Diana into a sense of reality. If the story moved Diana to anything, he thought, it would be to unforgiving resentment.

By the time John went into rehearsals he hadn't forgotten Diana, but he had stored his memory of her in the attic of his mind.

Now the curtain was coming down on the first act at the premiere. The applause awelled for a moment, but was not sustained. He had his answer already. He could read it in the consciously non-committal faces of the critics. Oh yes, he thought, a promising play.

But it wasn't a great play. Just another promising—oh, how he hated that word—promising evening in the theatre.

Leaving the theatre he saw her standing alone near the entrance. He looked at her in amazement, and then he forgot his disappointment and started to grin.

He was grinning at a charming and self-confessed woman of forty-three. The gaunt hollows in her cheeks had rounded out becomingly, and her grey hair, combed back in a simple wave, was no longer an example of hairdresser's magic.

He broke from his circle of flatterers and hurried across the lobby to her.

"Diana! I—I almost didn't recognise you."

She looked up at him and smiled, not the consciously photogenic smile of the old days, but a warmer, lovelier smile. "Don't feel too bad about the play, John," she said. "Maybe the play is the illusion of youth we middle-aged folk have to give up sooner or later."

The buzzer warned of the curtain going up, but neither of them moved. "I didn't think you'd ever talk to me again," he said "after that story."

"Story? What story are you talking about, John?"

"You know," he said. "The one that—that everybody was talking about in Hollywood."

"I left Hollywood almost a year ago," she said. "I just couldn't seem to go on fooling myself after you left."

"But where have you been, Di?"

"Somehow I—I didn't want to grow old in Hollywood," she said. "So I—I went back to my old home town, John. I've become a small-town girl again." Then a smile spread from her eyes. "I suppose I should say a small-town old lady."

He saw the shine in her eyes and he saw it was her own, unaided by any feminine sleight of hand.

"Darling," he said, "now it's my turn to say it. You look lovelier than ever!"

(Copyright)

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"I notice he always uses a match to light his pipe."

Worth Reporting

VOLTE-FACE

I THINK you'll find
I've changed a little
When I return. I do not yearn
For dances, parties, dinners, or
The things you loved before the war—
The bubbles chased
With frantic haste
Lest life leave you behind.

If you don't mind
I'll keep the triple-diamond ring
Till things are rearranged a little—
Unless, of course,
You've changed a little.

—LARRY BOYS.

A GREY-HAIRED retired Anglican parson, the Rev. H. M. R. Rupp, of Northbridge, a Sydney suburb, has just presented more than 2000 species of native orchids to the National Herbarium.

Each of these species has been grouped and identified by him.

Mr. Rupp's passion for orchids started when he was a schoolboy at Geelong Grammar School.

He thinks orchids are "almost human."

"They've got such personalities," he said.

"Collecting them is a fascinating hobby. Each variety is so different and has its own particular habits."

Strangest and most interesting orchid ever discovered (it was identified and named by Mr. Rupp) was one found by accident in New South Wales growing entirely underground.

A great stir was caused by this discovery, and the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science in 1932 commissioned Mr. Rupp to go to Bulahdelah to try to obtain a better specimen.

Together with the local doctor, also a keen orchid collector, he visited the spot, and within a few hours had dug up six perfect plants.

The orchid was named after Slater, its discoverer, and given the genus which translated from the Latin means "hidden flower."

* * *

WE found a most polite waiter at a night-club last week.

When we asked if we could have a large cup of black coffee he beamed, smiled, and said:

"Why, certainly. No trouble at all. We haven't any small cups."

Perspex for splints

OUR London office cables that experiments are being carried out in the use of perspex for making splints.

Perspex, which is a glass plastic, was used during the war in aeroplanes.

Its splinter-proof qualities made it invaluable for gun-blisters and windscreens for the pilot's cockpit.

The experiments have shown that it is ideal for splints, being non-absorbent, practically non-inflammable, and non-irritant to the skin.

One of the advantages is that it is transparent as glass and casts no distortion in X-rays.

Other advantages over metal and leather splints is that perspex splints are lighter and less conspicuous. They can be removed and washed with soap and water.

The material can be used time and time again simply by heating and remoulding.

Tinned harvest

TINS of meat, cheese, fruit, fat, and plum puddings had a place among the traditional fruit and vegetables at the Harvest Festival at a Sydney church recently.

They were offerings from the congregation of St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay, for the Food for Britain Fund.

In all 252 tins were "harvested" and also an additional £30 for the fund.

Time marches on

A YOUNG man told us he was waiting the other night on a street corner for his sweetheart, whom he had to meet at 6 o'clock.

Being much in love and impatient, he would have kept looking at his wrist-watch if he had had one, but being without one he frequently asked passers-by the time.

The last occasion he had asked it was a quarter-to. A girl came walking along and he observed that she wore three wrist-watches.

"Two small ladies' watches and a man's watch with one of those leather lids you lift up," he explained to us.

"Naturally I asked her the time.

"First of all she looked around to see a street clock, and when there wasn't one said, 'I suppose it's about six o'clock.

"I suggested that she look at her watches. Which she did—at all three, even lifting up the lid of the large, masculine timepiece.

"'Oh, yes, it's just six,' she said, and when I thanked her she walked on."

We then put the question we had been longing to ask.

"Why was she wearing three watches?"

"I never thought to ask her," he said.

* * *

WE find it difficult to believe this, but one of the staff swears it happened.

She bought sixpennyworth of peppermints on the way to the office the other morning, from a little kiosk.

The elderly proprietor said kindly, "How are you off for cigarettes?"

Yes, really.

Interpreted at trials

OUR correspondent Eddie Sier, who is covering the Japanese war criminal trials at Darwin, reports that three Sydney men carried the bulk of interpreting.

They are Sergeants Gordon Maitland, of Rockdale; Ronald Dunlop, of Mosman; and Thomas Ridgeway, of Collaroy. All are in the A.I.F.

"They did an amazing amount of translation work," he writes, "and the honor of conveying the sentences to the Japs was given to nineteen-year-old Sergeant Maitland, who is the youngest Japanese language interpreter in the Allied Translator and Interpreter Section.

"He enlisted in the infantry at 18 after completing his first year of Arts at Sydney University.

"Sergeant Dunlop is a Bachelor of Arts, and is now doing a thesis in his spare time for his M.A.

"The third sergeant, Tom Ridgeway, is a Bachelor of Commerce and LL.B. (L.A.S.), of the Melbourne University."

Animal Antics

"He believes everything he sees in print!"

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The Man On The Roof

STANDING there on the street, as I watched the car roll from sight, it was Pauline I was thinking about, not Kay. That impulsive touch of her hand, the warm smile—Pauline thought I must be having a bad time of it.

When I got back to the Cardiff Court roof again, the argument about Gunter's gun was still going on.

"Look!" Farrell was saying to Inspector Vaughan. "I'll explain the whole set-up again . . . Gunter was standing right here, throwing lead at me as I climbed up over the cornice. I had to let him have it—quick and straight."

"When you shot Gunter," Vaughan asked, "did you notice if he dropped the gun as he fell?"

"I didn't notice," Farrell replied. "I was too busy climbing up over that cornice before he could take any more pot-shots at me."

"Well, it's possible the gun hit the tiles and bounced overboard," Vaughan said. "If it did, Royle'll soon find it down there."

I moved up beside Drummond. "Did anybody count the shots?" I asked in a low voice.

"Farrell says he fired twice," Drummond answered. "Some say they heard only two shots—some say they heard more. You can take your pick."

Just then Royle came up from his ground search. "No gun," he reported crisply. "I looked everywhere."

The silence deepened, and I saw a quick, questioning look flash between Royle and Drummond. It was plain they both suspected Farrell's story of the fight.

"But the gun's got to be in one place or the other!" Farrell exploded. "I'm going down to look for it myself!" And snatching a torch, he stalked away.

But Farrell didn't seem to be having much luck with his search, for I saw his torch still fingering through the shrubbery as I left for Headquarters with various pieces of evidence we had unearthed in Max Gunter's flat.

When I left Headquarters I didn't feel inclined for sleep, so I went down the street to the Coffee Pot, an all-night restaurant that is practically supported by the Headquarters crowd.

While I waited for my sandwich and coffee, I looked round the room, and thought of the numberless times Kay and I had sat here together, long before Tom Farrell had won his appointment to the squad. And I thought back over the winning game Farrell had played—first his apparent interest in Pauline, as an excuse for making up foursomes, and keeping near Kay. A short while, and he was with Kay as often as with Pauline.

But deep down inside me I think I'd known from the beginning that Farrell would win out. Even when Farrell went off to the war, and I had Kay to myself again, it hadn't made any difference.

Then Farrell came home again, wounded, a hero, handsomer than ever in uniform, with his medals and his ribbons—and not exactly a shrinking violet about his war record, either. Farrell had never been one to hide his light under a bushel.

But I'll give him his due. He may have been a born boaster, but he always made good on his boasts. And he didn't need a uniform and medals to dazzle Kay. His self-confidence and devil-may-care manner were appealing.

Kay was of that temperament, too—quick, gay, light-hearted. And a little spoiled, perhaps.

I wondered, as I sat there, if it would have made any difference if I had been the one who had gone to the war . . . I remembered the day when that had been decided for me—the doctor poking round the old ridged scars on my knee, asking questions: where had the bullet gone in, where had it come out, what muscles had been sutured?

"No," he said, shaking his head. "This knee of yours may be all right for civilian life, but not much good for twenty-mile hikes under full equipment. Sorry."

And that had been that.

. . . . . .

Inspector Vaughan left a night-guard at Cardiff Court, and Farrell arrived there early next morning to renew his search.

But Farrell didn't turn up that missing gun—nor did Royle, Drummond, or myself, when we made another search later, by Vaughan's orders. We scanned every inch of the roof. We combed every square foot of the grounds below—grass, gravel, evergreen shrubs, everywhere.

After we'd made our report, Vaughan questioned us about every detail of the search, with Farrell there in the room with us.

"Farrell," he said patiently, "can you think of any possible explanation, even if it sounds fantastic, as to how Gunter's gun could have disappeared?"

A flush came over Farrell's face. "No sir, I can't," he admitted. "But I've told the truth. Gunter had a gun! I'll swear to that."

When nobody said anything for a moment, Farrell swept us all with a challenging look. "None of you believe me?"

"It's not a question of belief," Inspector Vaughan said quietly. "This is a question of fact. If Gunter had a gun, we've got to place it in evidence. The gun itself, Farrell—not an affidavit."

"I see," Farrell said brusquely; "I'm a liar—until I can prove otherwise!" He swung on his heel and stalked out of the room.

The inspector shook his head and went into his private office, and we looked at each other in silence.

"What about it?" Drummond said presently. "Did Gunter have a gun, or didn't he?"

Royle shrugged. "If so, where is it? Seeing's believing. As the Chief says, affidavits are out."

Drummond turned to me. "What's your idea, Keith? Do you think Farrell blasted him?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "Only one man can answer that question—Gunter himself."

Royle shook his head. "Gunter's alive, but he's still unconscious—and sinking. Over at the hospital they think it'll only be a matter of hours now. The chances of a statement from Gunter are pretty slim."

Drummond said: "Well, if Farrell did put the blast on Gunter, it's

Continued from page 5

understandable. It's natural for a chap who's been up there fighting Japs to be quick on the trigger. But here we can't do business in that way. Farrell's got to clear himself, somehow—or get out of the squad."

"Or get out of the force, you mean," Royle corrected grimly, and we lapsed again into strained silence.

Of course the story hit the papers. The reporters had been swarming round Cardiff Court after the shooting; and Tucker, the mouthy superintendent, had talked. Evidently he had overheard our argument up on the roof about the missing gun, and the reporters held off only long enough to make sure the gun hadn't turned up.

Next day they were full of it. Did Gunter have a gun? Was it really missing, they asked, or was this a police alibi to cover up a brutal slaying? There were editorials, and pictures of Cardiff Court, of Gunter, and handsome Detective Thomas Farrell.

We didn't see much of Farrell during those next two hectic days. We heard that he called several times at the hospital where Gunter lay dying, a policeman sitting by his bedside day and night, ready to get his statement if consciousness returned. I saw Farrell only once, in a corridor at Headquarters, but he strode on past me without a word or a glance.

Then I had a phone call from Pauline Vaughan. "Keith," she said, "can you come over to the house? I want to talk to you about something."

"It's a busy day, Pauline," I said. "How about lunching with me, instead? . . . One o'clock? Good! See you then."

Pauline was waiting in the lounge of the Coffee Pot when I arrived, trim and smart in her tailored suit.

"Sorry I'm late," I said. "You'll have to blame your father for that. Incidentally, isn't that a new hat? I feel honored."

She laughed at me, sweet and friendly as always. "I didn't think you'd notice it," she said.

I grinned down at her. "That's part of my business, Pauline. I get paid for noticing things—even hats."

Her carefree mood didn't last long. As soon as we were settled at a table she leaned forward, her eyes intent and anxious. "Keith, what's going to happen—about Tom?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's got to be settled, though, one way or the other. You realise that?"

Pauline nodded. "Keith, tell me, do you believe Tom's story of the shooting?"

I looked at her and shook my head. "I don't know, Pauline. I honestly don't know."

"How do the others feel about it?"

"Everybody's just waiting for Gunter to speak—if he can. He's the only man who can settle this."

"But suppose he dies—without speaking?"

"Then we'll be right back where we started," I said. "In any case—" I broke off with a rather hopeless shrug. "It all boils down to a question of fact. If Gunter had a gun, as Tom claims, where is it? And if Tom can't produce it, things'll be bad for him."

"Do you think they'd put him out of the force?" Pauline asked.

"Yes, I'm afraid they would," I answered.

Pauline was silent, and I asked: "How is Kay taking it all?"

She flashed me a quick look.

"Oh, she's terribly worried, of course."

Something had gone out of her voice. It was remote and masked as if she had closed a door between us. I had the uncomfortable feeling that I had hurt her somehow, said the wrong thing.

I looked at this silent Pauline. She had unexpected depths and subtleties that Kay had not. They were so much alike, these two sisters, yet so different. Kay's features, clear and flawless, perfect as any cover girl's. Pauline, lovely in her own way, missing Kay's beauty only by a mere fraction.

ABRUPTLY Pauline came out of her abstracted mood and gathered up her gloves and bag. "Shall we go?" she said.

"Wait a moment, Pauline," I said on an impulse. "What do you think of this Gunter case? You know the facts, and you know Tom Farrell."

But Pauline only shook her head. "I'd rather not say. I could be mistaken, and I — well, perhaps I'm not a very good judge of character."

So we left it at that, and I had only been back in Headquarters a little while when news came through that Max Gunter had died—without regaining consciousness. Drummond and Royle were with me when we heard about it, and we exchanged silent looks.

A few minutes later Farrell arrived.

"Heard the news, Farrell?" Royle asked.

"What news?" Farrell growled, pretending ignorance.

"Gunter died!" Royle said. "Silent!"

"Well, what about it?" Farrell snapped. "Am I supposed to send him flowers?"

Inspector Vaughan came to his office door just then and called Farrell inside. A few minutes later Farrell came out, his face set. We waited for him to say something, but he stalked past us without speaking and went out.

It was later that day when I saw Tom Farrell again. He was in the Coffee Pot, sitting on a high stool with a tall drink before him. He looked tired and drawn and half-sick.

I sat down beside him. "Listen, Tom," I said, "I know you've got a tough problem on your hands, but you won't find the answer in the bottom of a glass."

"No?" he challenged. Then he straightened up, a crooked smile on his good-looking face. "Feeling good, aren't you? You think I'm in a tight spot, and that suits you, doesn't it?"

"Don't be a fool, Tom," I said. "I'm on your side. I believe you're telling the truth about that gun. I wish there was something I could do to help——"

His smile twisted. "There's one thing you can do, Wallace—you can leave me alone! You—and all the others!" He gulped down the rest of his drink then, and walked out.

I admit that I did some soul-searching that night, for there was more than Tom Farrell's police career at stake. There was Kay. After all, she was Inspector Vaughan's daughter; and if Farrell left the force in disgrace, it was more than likely he would lose Kay, too.

If I wanted it, perhaps Farrell's loss could be my gain. I could sit tight and let things take their course. If Farrell went under, perhaps I'd have first place with Kay again.

But what I was remembering was Pauline impulsively touching my hand, and the warm deep look she had given me when she thought I was jolted by Kay's sudden revelation. I was remembering too, Pauline's sudden change of mood at our luncheon—and the answer came to me. Believing I loved Kay, Pauline thought I might be willing to profit by Farrell's plight, even though I'd be winning Kay on the rebound, a victory by default.

Next day I sat at my desk, wondering how it would all turn out. I stared at an enlarged photograph of Cardiff Court, with the mystery of Gunter's gun still nagging at my mind.

"It's simply a choice of two facts," I kept telling myself. "Either there was a gun—or there wasn't." I recalled the scrupulous thoroughness of our search, and the thing kept going round in my head like a merry-go-round.

It was still nagging me as I went back to Headquarters after dinner. I got out the police file on Gunter and studied his long and unsavory career. A man of many aliases, Gunter had registered himself as Joseph Shelton.

Shelton! The name stuck in my mind, ringing a distant little bell. "Joseph Shelton!" I said aloud. I was remembering my conversation with Tucker as we rode up to the roof of Cardiff Court.

Please turn to page 25

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Theatre for whole family

AN experiment is being carried out in Hollywood to provide a cinema theatre catering for the whole family. The part of the house on ground level is for adults only, and upstairs films suitable for children are shown.

In this way adults and children get their entertainment without a clashing of tastes.

Opening of similar combined adult-juvenile movie theatres in Australia would help to curb the rapid growth of juvenile delinquency.

£1 to Mrs. K. M. Stone, Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

Worth copying

VISITING Shepparton, Victoria, I noticed two things any small town anywhere in Australia would do well to copy.

The first was a gas-ring, penny-in-the-slot type, placed in the local park for the convenience of anyone

wishing to boil water. Travellers and picnickers find it a great boon.

The second was racks provided for bicycles at the street corners. These give the streets a trim appearance.

5/- to Mrs. B. Moore, c/o The Hostel, Church St., Kyabram, Vic.

Grow your own

WITH such a world food shortage Australian home gardeners should do their utmost to grow their own vegetables, and so help in sending more food to Europe. A little trouble on our part will earn undying gratitude.

5/- to A. McLeod, 19 Morehead St., South Townsville, Qld.

Ambulance units

MANY ex-servicewomen, with medical and mechanical training, will not take kindly to indoor work, so could they be formed into ambulance units with three girls to each vehicle, each able to be driver or nurse? This would meet an urgent need and give congenial occupation to the girls.

5/- to N. Thompson, 151 Fisher St., Unley, S.A.

Wrong impression

ISN'T it time, now the war is over, that postcards of local scenes were improved in quality? I am ashamed to send the present postcards to overseas pen-friends. Surely we want people in other countries to receive a good impression of our country.

5/- to Miss V. Charlton, 13 Granville St., West Launceston, Tas.

Take out the bumps

MOTHERS taking babies out in prams have great difficulty in manoeuvering them up and down high gutters. Some of these prams are exceptionally heavy, especially when shopping adds extra packages.

Councils when making gutters should leave runways such as those left for cars to enter garages. It would cost no more, and would be much appreciated by mothers.

5/- to Hazel Cleall, 129 Charles St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Beer or jam?

THE Housewives' Association and other women's organisations should campaign against sugar being used for beer, and see that a more liberal allowance is made for home use, so that fruit will be made into jam by housewives instead of being allowed to rot.

5/- to A. Mudge, Sherlock, S.A.

Serious-minded

I LIKE the idea of Teen-ager (16/3/'46) starting out on the serious business of life, when her idea seems to be to spend money and entirely disregard the claims of the family. I think teen-agers should save their money and help mind the children. No one begrudges teen-agers their pleasures; but a little unselfishness would be very becoming.

5/- to Mary Stephens, 54 Riversdale Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

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Here is swashbuckling romance, high adventure and the bright call of danger . . written as only Rex Beach can write!

In the love story of Jonathan Clark and Countess Marina, Rex Beach has returned to the Alaska he made his own; and to the brawling, lusty days when a man called for a kiss and a woman bargained with her lips.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

NEXT SUNDAY — ORDER NOW!

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

MANY Arians, Sagittarians, and Leonians, and some Aquarians and Geminians will have cause to cheer during the coming days, for the stars of their fortune ride high this week and for some weeks to come.

So plan wisely and seek advancement, gains, favors, increased happiness, and desired changes.

For Cancerians and Capricornians there is likelihood of many annoyances, upsets or obstacles, and worry. For Librans there can be loss, partings, and disappointment. All these groups must live quietly now.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make good use of April 3 (8 a.m. to 10 p.m.) excellent, 1 (to 8 a.m.) poor, (to 10 a.m.) fair, (to noon) poor, then good, 5 (to dusk) good, 6 (to 2 p.m.) and 7 (near noon) helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): April 3 (8 a.m. to noon and near dusk), also 3 (after 3 p.m.), 4 (except midday), 5 (to dusk), 8 (dawn) all fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): April 2 (8 a.m. to 8 p.m.) modest gains likely, 4 (dawn to forenoon and after 3 p.m.) good, 5 (to 4 p.m.), 9 (to 11 p.m.), 7 (sunrise to 8 p.m.) all good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be wise, cautious, patient now, especially on April 2, 3, 8 (late), 7 (early and late), all 8, and 9 (worst day). Live quietly, avoid changes, discord, upsets, worry.

"Notice how the stripe creates an illusion of slenderness."

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be ambitious now, seek changes, gains. April 2 (8 a.m. to 11 p.m.) excellent, 3 (8 to 9 a.m., noon to 8 p.m.) good, 5 (to dusk, and after dusk to 7 p.m.) good, 9 poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): April 3 (after sunset), 4 (except noon) can be moderately helpful, 5 (to dusk) best of all.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live quietly, dodge losses, partings, opposition, especially April 2, 3 (to noon) very poor, 5 (7 to 8 p.m.) very poor, and 9 quite adverse.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Routine work best now, though April 2 (8 a.m. to 8 p.m.), 6 (to noon), 8 (except midday) fair, 3 (late) to 5 (late) poor, 9 very poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Good times possible, seek progress, changes, gains. April 2 (8 a.m. to 11 p.m.) excellent, 3 (8 to 9 a.m. and after midday) good, 5 (to dusk) fair, rest of week poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Live carefully, beware of difficulties, arguments, worry, changes. April 2 poor, 3 very poor, 6 (late) and all 7 confusing, 8 difficult, 9 adverse. Bedtime best.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): April 2 (8 a.m. to 8 p.m.), 3 (3 to 8 p.m.), 6 (to 2 p.m.), 7 (daylight hours) all mostly helpful, but 3 (late) to 5 (late), 4 (evening), and 9 and 8 all poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Not a week for over-confidence, though April 2 (after dusk), 3 (up to 7 p.m.), 9 (after dusk) helpful, 8 (late) to dusk of 9, poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 31 to 44 (33 to 36 expire April 7, 37 to 40 expire May 4).
SUGAR: 19 to 22 (G current).
BUTTER: 31 to 34 (expire April 7).
MEAT: Black 71 to 77 (expire April 7); red and green 81 to 87 (expire April 7).
CLOTHES: YT-56; ZZT-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are helping
BETTY GRAY: To find clues leading to the fortune left in his safe by her uncle. With each clue is a number. Each number is part of the safe combination. Searching also are her cousins,
AUGUSTA: Determined Betty shall not have any of the treasure, and
KARL: Who is tired of the hunt, and
PETE: Who dislikes the whole business, and at last rebels. After crashing into the gondola where Mandrake and Betty search for the second clue, he rescues Betty, declares he loves her. The second clue tells the fortune-hunters to go to Cerebi. They set sail, hoping to have left Augusta behind in Venice. NOW READ ON:

To be continued

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RECEPTION at Wentworth Hotel. Rex Morris (left) and his pretty bride, formerly Peggy Buckle, with attendants Mrs. Joan Wright and bridegroom's brother, Neil Morris, at reception.

SYDNEY ARTISTS Alice Danciger and David Strachan admire Ascher fabrics at cocktail party given at Australia Hotel in aid of Red Cross Food for Britain Fund. Party was arranged by Mrs. Allegne Zander on behalf of Ascher, of London. Fabrics were brought from England by Matilda Etches, British theatre and fashion designer.

WIDE INTEREST in marriage of F/Lt. John Napier, younger son of Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice of South Australia Sir Mellis Napier and Lady Napier, and Biddy Bullivant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bullivant, of Gregadoo Station, Wagga, N.S.W. Couple wed in Melbourne.

Intimate Gettings

PRESENTATION to guests of novelty jockey caps and riding-whips give gay carnival atmosphere to Canberra Picnic Race Ball held at Barton House, Canberra, after day's racing activities.

It's a bright time in our lovely capital, and lots of country folks stay over from Yass picnics and Royal garden party and take in Canberra picnic races, too.

Weather man behaves, and turns on super day for races . . . summer frocks still well to the fore . . . In fact, it's so hot that male members of party from Government House, including Duke's handsome aides, doff their coats and punt happily and informally in their shirtsleeves.

• • •

PRESIDENT of Canberra Race Club, popular Frank Hyles, well to fore at meeting, together with members of Hyles clan from round the district. Mr. Hyles is host at super cocktail-party held in marquee on course after races. Dr. and Mrs. Bert Hart entertain friends at another cocktail-party, so there's merriment for all.

Cooma visitors include the Tony Litchfields—Tony riding one of his own mounts. Mrs. Carl Massey, of Cooma, also there.

No picnic races complete without the Horton Browns, of Young. Another couple from Young are John Carters, from "Kikiamah"—she was Roslyn Macarthur Onslow. Loved June Ogilvie's Tyrolean outfit worn to the races when she attends with husband Clive.

POST-WEDDING PARTY. Luncheon at Romano's for Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Julius Sonne (right) with Clare McMahon (left), Lieut.-Commander E. L. Martin, Cappie McMahon. Lieut.-Commander Sonne, who is attached to U.S.N.R., leaves for America shortly. Mrs. Sonne before her recent marriage was Marjorie Wadsworth.

INTERESTING wedding. Jocelyn Kerr arrives at St. Philip's, Church Hill, with her great-uncle, Sir Robert Wade, who gave her away, for her marriage with Lieut.-Commander John Cope, R.N.V.R.

CANBERRA'S certainly been a bright spot, with picnic races and arrival of the Mountbattens in its midst. Don't know what was the most exciting, picking the winners at the races or the speculation as to who would have the opportunity of meeting the glamorous pair during their brief stay in Canberra. Am delighted to receive my invitation to attend Lord Mayor's reception in their honor. Made me remember a letter I received recently from a lass in Singapore who had met Lord Louis at a cocktail party there: "I was so overcome at actually being introduced to him, I couldn't think of a thing to say and could only murmur, 'Why, you eat peanuts just like I do!'"

• • •

CAN'T help thinking that the Australian wives who sail in Lurline for their new home in America are pleased when they find two large kangaroos in crates on deck. I can imagine many a naughty baby being soothed by being taken to see the kangaroos which, incidentally, are being shipped to Hollywood to take part in film "Stray Lamb." One of the mothers I see showing them to her infant son Larry is Mrs. Jack Noble, formerly Molly Nesbit, daughter of the W. J. Nesbits, of Narrabeen. She will fly from San Francisco to Chicago, where her husband will meet her. Last letter from him arrived just before she sailed.

Joyce

ENGAGED. Lieut. Kathleen Gerrard, A.A.N.S., elder daughter of Mr. A. M. Gerrard, of Perth, and of Mrs. A. T. Fox, of Scone, announces her engagement to Lieut. John Donovan, A.I.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Donovan, of Rochester, Victoria.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS. Twins Elaine Hall (left) and her sister Shirley, who are students at the Conservatorium. Elaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. K. Hall, Woodstock Station, Walgett, and Bellevue Hill, announces engagement to Ken. Robinson.

LOVELY BRIDE. Mrs. Bill Camphin, formerly Alba Callinan, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral with her husband, Bill Camphin. Alba is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Callinan, of Vaucluse, and Bill is son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Camphin, of Connell's Point.

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The Man On The Roof

Continued from page 21

SUDDENLY then the idea hit me—like a bullet. I knew the secret of the missing gun—knew how and why it had disappeared. The idea possessed me so vividly that within a few seconds I had hopped into my car and was heading for Cardiff Court.

I parked my car outside and cut across the wide lawns toward the wing where the shooting had occurred. Almost every window on the five floors was alight, like a great cube of golden honeycomb, but my present business was centred in the basement flat of Tucker, the building caretaker.

Tucker himself answered the door, shirt collar unbuttoned, the evening paper in his hand.

"Remember me, Tucker?" I asked.

"Yes," he nodded. "You're one of the detectives who was here the night Gunter was shot. Still looking for that gun?"

"Yes," I said, and stepped inside. "But this time I'm going to find it—with your help. Hand it over, Tucker!"

That startled him all right. "I don't know what you're talkin' about," he said.

"Oh, yes you do, Tucker," I said. "And you can make things a lot easier for yourself if you come clean. You were hooked up with Max Gunter's crowd. You heard us arguing about the missing gun up on the roof and you sneaked out and found that gun and hid it. That was quick thinking, Tucker. You knew Gunter's friends would pay you quite a nice sum for that service."

"You must be crazy!" he snarled at me. "I don't know anything about the gun!" But his glance was uneasy.

"Very well," I said. "Then explain this, Tucker: When I came here the night of the shooting, you used the name Gunter. You used it several times on our way up to the roof. That was a bad slip of the tongue, Tucker. How did you know his name was Gunter—when he was registered here as Joseph Shelton?"

That took the wind out of Tucker's sails. "Well, I—I" he stammered and gulped. "I heard one of the detectives say so—"

"Which one?" I came back at him fast. "You'll have to identify him, Tucker. Better think fast—because you're going to face the man you name in a very few minutes."

Tucker began to wilt. "I—I don't remember which one," he faltered, and then cried out desperately: "All right, if you think I took the gun, search my rooms! Search all you want!"

I shook my head, smiling. "Oh no, Tucker. I know a better method. Get your hat and coat. I'm taking you down to Headquarters."

"What for?" he demanded.

"You'll find out," I said. "Come along——"

But I didn't have to go any farther. Realising that the game was up, Tucker cracked up. Then, once started, confession fairly poured out of him.

He admitted that he had given Max Gunter a hide-out in Cardiff Court under the name of Shelton, and it was he who had gone out into the grounds ahead of Royle and found Gunter's gun. Nervous and sweating, he led me to a remote corner of the basement and brought the gun out of its hiding-place on a ledge under a work-bench. It was a .38 revolver, and two of the six cartridges in the cylinder had been fired.

I took Tucker down to Headquarters to make out a formal confession, and turned the gun over to the police laboratory for processing. Then I drove to Inspector Vaughan's house. I wanted to tell Pauline first.

She came to the door when I rang. And when I looked at her I was feeling wonderful. Her father had gone to a meeting, she said, and Kay was out, too—with Tom Parrell.

"Well, now, that's too bad," I said, grinning. "I think they'd both be interested in a certain piece of news." I dropped my joking tone then. "Pauline, I've found Gunter's gun. With two shots fired. That puts Tom Parrell in the clear."

"Oh, Keith!" Pauline exclaimed breathlessly. "You found it! How—where?"

"All in good time, my girl," I said, teasing her. "How about coming into town with me? A little celebration might be in order . . ."

When we reached the Coffee Pot luck was with us, for Kay and Tom Parrell were there, sitting in one of the rear booths.

"Do I want to see that gun!" Parrell breathed fervently when I told them what had happened. He thrust out his hand. "Thanks, Keith, thanks a million! I don't know how to say the rest of it."

He stood up. "I've got to see that gun—now, this minute! . . . Coming, Kay?"

Yes, Kay was coming. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were like soft blue flames. "Oh, Keith, you darling!" she cried impulsively, and flung her arms round me and kissed me, right there in the aisle. Her intentions were good, but her aim was bad—the kiss landed up on my cheek.

So Kay and Tom Parrell went hurrying out the front door, and Pauline and I sat down at their table.

Pauline looked at me. "I'm proud of you, Keith," she said softly.

I grinned at her. "It wasn't much. Just a good memory and a large chunk of bluff."

Her eyes deepened. "I wasn't thinking just about finding the gun. I was thinking about the rest of it . . ."

"Wait, Pauline," I said, "before you pin any medals on me. I want you to know that I'd said good-bye to a certain idea long before that night at Cardiff Court. I didn't lose anything that night, Pauline. I found something instead — something I really wanted—something I was looking for—and missing——"

I stopped then, but Pauline knew what I meant. I could see it in her eyes, in the color of her cheeks.

I said: "Do you remember that old saying about being in the right church but the wrong pew? Well, that was me, exactly. Keith Wallace, detective first-class, and once the dumbest, blindest idiot who ever answered a roll-call."

She leaned forward a little, her eyes shining. "But still a detective first-class, Keith," she said. "And you've got lipstick on your cheek."

I pulled out my handkerchief and rubbed my face briskly.

"You're only making it worse," Pauline laughed. "Here, let me try."

I gave her the handkerchief. "You know," I said, "I don't object in the least to lipstick—if it's the right girl's."

(Copyright)

Nice Girls Get Married

Continued from page 7

PATRICK said pleasantly that in that case she wasn't—and Lucy replied that, Oh, no—she wasn't—at least——

"At least what?" asked Patrick, staring at her hungrily.

"At least, not yet," Lucy said, and smiled at him.

"I'm gone," said Patrick. "Glory be!"

She was gone, too; but, being a woman, she did not admit it immediately. She waited until they were having coffee. And then she said, "I always knew it would happen to me like this. All at once, bang!"

"For me," said Patrick, "it's bingo." She laughed.

"What comes next, Patrick?" she asked.

"I begin to think of wanting to marry you."

"Think fast, please," Lucy said.

"Do you want to marry me?"

"Why not? You're a fine figure of a man, you're fun to be with, and you make fifteen pounds a week when you work, which is more than I'll ever make as an actress. And besides that——"

"I never told you I made fifteen pounds a week!"

"No. Your housekeeper told our landlady, and she told the woman who cleans the flats, and she told me."

"Oh," said Patrick.

"That was before I'd even met you."

"I see."

"You don't mind, do you? Darling, you don't think I want to marry you for your money, do you?"

"Certainly not!" said Patrick.

"Well, don't be too sure," Lucy said. "I once had a room-mate who married a man for his money and they were very happy."

Patrick stood up atruptly.

"Look," he said. "Let's go where I can kiss you without an audience."

"I think that would be fine," said Lucy.

It was midnight when Patrick got back to his own flat. He was in love and glad of it. Yet he still retained enough of his wits to hope, as all men eternally and wistfully hope, that he was not being tricked by nature into a form of involuntary servitude.

"Judge," said Patrick earnestly to his adoring collie, "I wish you could speak." The dog gave a dutiful yap.

"No," said Patrick, "I'm not playing games now. I wish to heaven you could tell me whether or not you really stole Lucy's pants!"

Judge thumped the floor with his tail.

"Oh, all right. I believe you. At least, I want to believe you. I'd hate to think the girl I love would deceive me, even in a little thing like that."

Judge thumped the floor some more.

"Why do I suspect her? And what do I suspect her of? Do I think that she deliberately gave you her pants, knowing that it would lead where it has led?" Here Patrick groaned aloud. "I'm ashamed of myself," he cried to the dog. "My sweet Lucy! I'll go to sleep and dream of her, and may the angels deliver me from this base suspicion of my love!"

Judge yapped ambiguously in the darkness.

Patrick Lawrence was astonished and slightly dazed to discover that the chemistry of love functioned in life as in art. Before he quite comprehended his joyous predicament, he found himself rapidly approaching that day to which all engaged men look forward with mingled ecstasy and dread.

The reason I know how Patrick felt is that he took me fully into his confidence. One sunny morning I had a telephone call from my friend.

"This is Pat Lawrence," he said.

"I know," I said. "How are you, Pat?"

"I'm fine—I think," Patrick said; and then: "Listen. Do you realise that this is Wednesday, and I'm going to be married on Saturday, which is very soon."

"It is indeed. But you're a lucky man, Pat. She's beautiful."

"How do you know?" demanded Patrick, with involuntary and immemorial suspicion.

"I read the social columns as a supplement to my morning cup of tea. There's a rumor that the romance was caused by your dog Judge."

"That," said Patrick in surprise, "happens to be true. Look, I want you to meet Lucy. Can you lunch with us to-day at The Meatball?"

He hung up before I could answer him.

It was a delightful luncheon. Patrick Lawrence was obviously drowned in love. As for Lucy, I liked her immediately and she said she liked me, which gave me a slight drowning sensation of my own. She launched at once into a gay, factual account of her first meeting with Patrick, who grinned fondly as she described how Judge had stolen her sun-pants. The dear dog, she said, had crept up on her terrace with the stealth of a hound stalking game in a covert.

At this point Patrick's grin disappeared. He gave his beloved a puzzled look and said, "How do you know he crept, darling? You didn't see him."

"Imagination, darling," said Lucy, with a little, flute-like laugh.

"Of course," I said. "Since when does anybody in this town have to see things to describe them?"

"Oh," said Patrick, nodding thoughtfully.

"You yourself," I said, "are full of imagination."

"I'm cursed with it," Patrick said, still looking strangely at his love.

"Well," said Lucy brightly, "this is all very interesting, but I've got to get back to the theatre. This will probably be my last show."

We took Lucy to the theatre. Then Patrick and I went back to his flat, because he said he wanted to talk to me. Judge greeted his master as usual, wagging his tail ecstatically.

We went into Patrick's living-room and Patrick began absent-mindedly to make a cocktail. He had measured out the gin before I noticed his aberration.

"What are you doing? We've just had lunch."

"Oh, so we have!" Patrick lifted the measure of gin and carefully poured it back into the bottle. "Let's have some coffee, shall we?" He established contact with his housekeeper merely by raising his voice. "Mrs. Binns! Coffee, please!"

"Yessir!" shouted back Mrs. Binns.

Patrick sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. Then he dropped down into a chair and took his head in his hands.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"Plenty," he said hollowly.

"Maybe you'd better tell me about it," I said, knowing quite well that I was inviting the inevitable.

So Patrick told me everything that had happened since the day he first saw Lucy in her flowered sun-suit. What worried him, he said, was a very delicate matter—because it involved Lucy's motive in wanting to marry him. Was she accepting him for love alone, or was there some more practical element in her willingness?

"You see, I happen to know," Patrick said, "that she has no future on the stage. She's beautiful, but she can't act. It's one of those things."

"She could go back to her home in the country," I said.

"She likes being here," Patrick said. "The climate agrees with her."

"Well, but a nice girl like Lucy doesn't get married for the climate!"

"Listen," Patrick Lawrence said. "Nice girls get married. For years I've noticed it. They get married for a thousand different things, but they always get married. They do it because they're nice, and they're nice because they do it. Right?"

"I suppose so," I said.

"A man," said Patrick, "invariably idealises the woman he's in love with. Afterwards, comes disillusionment. I'm not a boy. I don't want to be disillusioned at my age. I want to believe that my marriage with Lucy was arranged in that place where the angels sing."

"Why can't you believe it? What is the obstacle you've invented — or imagined?"

Patrick looked at Judge, who was lying in a sunny corner of the room. The collie's long muzzle rested on his fore-paws and his bright agate eyes were fixed unwaveringly on his master.

"The obstacle," said Patrick, "is based on a question that only Judge can answer. Unfortunately, Judge can't talk. He just can't tell me."

"Tell you what, for goodness' sake?"

"Whether he stole Lucy's pants or whether——! What a cad I am!"

"Never mind what you are. Go on!"

"Or whether," said Patrick, "she was an accessory before the fact. In short, did Lucy knowingly and with niceness aforethought entice Judge over to the terrace and give him her pants to deliver to me—or did she not?"

"Oh. I see."

"If she did not, then our meeting was pure fate. I am a hopeless cad, and all's well with the world. If she did, then she is a smart girl who knows how to get what she wants. Not that I think I'm any great fish to land in a girl's net, but I am a fish—and you needn't bother to add the obvious adjective. What I mean," concluded Patrick, "is that I don't know whether I've been angled for, or whether I'm in love by a natural, providential accident."

Please turn to page 28

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

Jobs fold up for women workers

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

"Whatever has happened to Rosie the riveter, wartime heroine of shipyard and song?" is the question posed and answered by a New York newspaper.

Rosie and more than 3,000,000 sister war workers disappeared from the nation's payrolls in nine months since VE-Day.

THE paper goes on and says files of the Department of Labor's Women's Bureau show the wartime woman worker probably did one of these things: One, went home to her husband—probably an ex-serviceman.

Two, registered for jobless pay.

Three, took a breathing spell on her wartime savings.

Lauded in war, women in peace found that peace was not so wonderful after all.

The Women's Bureau states that many women war workers are facing a difficult economic future, and director Frieda Miller says that the riveters' best bet is not to try to re-enter industry, but civilian service, sales, or domestic occupations, professional, clerical.

The Bureau finds that the woman worker's biggest need is for equal pay for equal work.

FERN MARJA, writing in the New York "Post," says: "Maybe your idea of buying junior a toy is to drop in at the toy store, tinker with mechanical gadgets, and emerge with the one which fascinates you most.

"It is?

"Well, that's what I thought.

"And that's why your youngster will probably wind up flat on some psychoanalyst's couch. Because you're frustrating him.

"That's why.

"At least that's the opinion of some sixty educators and toy retailers who attended a meeting in New York."

* * *

HERE'S a story about a plumber with a sense of humor.

This week a plumber carrying a long chromium rod boarded a city bus and took his stand near the entrance.

The only way he could accommodate the rod was to stand it on its end and clutch it in front of him with two hands.

Other passengers boarding the bus and seeing a man hanging on to a perpendicular rod naturally grasped it, also when thrown off their balance.

Their consternation was something to see when the plumber, with a shy smile, relaxed his hold and left the newcomers swaying as they supported the rod instead of vice versa.

* * *

A WOMAN writer asks: "Is a girl too old at 30, or must she thumba to land a job?"

She deplores the recent tendency of employers to insist on women under 30 or a girl "easy on the eyes" for jobs much more suitable for experienced women.

"I know all the arguments," she says.

"Middle-aged women are apt to be set in their ways; they're irritable; they have problems outside their jobs.

"But all this applies equally to men.

"I suppose I would find it more fun to have a Van Johnson for a boss than the average guy of fifty-odd, but nobody suggests that when a man loses his waistline he can't handle a job."

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SMILING A GREETING to Australia as they stepped off their great white plane, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lady Louis with Senator Collings, who was at Fairbairn aerodrome to meet them.

PRIME MINISTER (Mr. Chifley) studies a map of the SEAC area at Parliament House, Canberra, while Lord Louis points out his own headquarters.

IN MUFTI. Lord Louis wearing sports jacket and slacks and Lady Louis in a violet wool afternoon frock at the War Memorial, Canberra.

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Glamor surrounds marvellous Mountbattens

England's handsomest couple live up to their looks

By EVE RAMSDEN

The marvellous Mountbattens—that's what Australia dubbed the glamorous English couple who have just paid a flying visit and will be back at the end of the month.

Glamor surrounds them—their history, their war records, their charming and good-looking staff of more than 30, their magnificent white plane decorated with Lord Louis' personal emblem of a phoenix rising from the ashes, and their informality and warm friendliness.

ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, Supreme Commander of South-east Asia Command and cousin of the King, and his wife, Lady Louis, multi-millionairess and tireless war worker, are facing in their Australian and New Zealand tour the most formidable programme ever arranged for distinguished visitors.

After meeting them it is easy to understand why, at the end of the war and at their own request, they should turn what could have been a pleasant holiday visit into an arduous task.

First impressions of both on sight are of their charm and more than a fair share of good looks. A few minutes in their company, and it becomes obvious that both are genuinely glad to be revisiting Australia.

"Supreme" (his personal staff's pet name for Lord Louis) must be one of the world's most handsome men.

In his Admiral's uniform, with six rows of service ribbons, and faintly tarnishing gold braid, he looks superb.

His dark hair is touched with white.

Profile or full face he measures up to all requirements of good looks with his straight nose, hazel eyes, and infectious grin. His skin shows a slight yellow tinge from tropical medical treatment.

He speaks quietly and fairly rapidly, with quick answers tinged with wit.

Lady Louis is lots of fun. Her large blue eyes twinkle. She smiles a wide smile constantly. She is small and very slight, and wears her light brown hair simply arranged at shoulder-length and held back at the temples with combs.

For this trip she brought little besides her beautifully tailored knee-length skirted black uniform of Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and Red Cross Joint War Organisation.

On her left cuff are service crosses, and she has her service ribbons, too.

After more than a year of moving on at a moment's notice on her recent work in Far East war areas, she is adept at packing two simple afternoon frocks and what she calls "my high-long dinner frock"—a black sequin-scrolled dress.

Her jewels are lovely—diamond-studded watch with wide gold and platinum band, diamond bracelet, amethyst earrings, diamond wedding ring, and a red-and-blue enamelled phoenix badge for wearing when she is out of uniform.

First out of the big white plane on Sunday, the day of their arrival, Lady Louis took in formal greetings with delightful friendliness.

A couple of disastrous ladders in her most precious stockings, which were a gift from America in 1941, only brought a laugh from Lady Louis.

"I dressed up in honor of Australia in these stockings, and look at the ladders," she said. "Well, anyway, who cares about stockings!"

Lord Louis admitted to being "sentimentally delighted" at seeing Canberra again. His former visit as a 19-year-old sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy was when he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Australia in 1920.

Lady Louis' previous visit eleven years ago entailed a plane trip back to England as one of the first travellers on the Australia-England air-route in a two-engined plane.

Lord Louis recalls how when his wife arrived back in England they compared notes about Australia, and agreed they would like to visit it again together.

They were specially pleased to receive the Commonwealth's invitation to come here, for it gave them a chance to fulfil their wish, and, he said, "It gave me the chance of seeing something of my wife after all her war work.

"I can truthfully say that the 85 days I spent in this country previously were the happiest of my life, and I realise now that came from being surrounded by a warm-hearted people."

The tour for the Mountbattens started on March 23, when they left Singapore, and will conclude on May 4, when they return.

With the exception of two days' fishing in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, on April 6 and 7, every day will be filled with official engagements.

The bulk of Lady Louis' duties will be visiting Red Cross hospitals and wartime establishments.

Lord and Lady Louis both pay warm tribute to Australians:

"I talk about Australians in my own command because there I saw and knew them, and respected them for their splendid qualities," says Lord Louis.

Australians, too, were the first prisoners of war Lady Louis saw 300 miles north of Bangkok.

"They were an inspiration to me with their courage, spirit, and determination," she said.

The Mountbattens have two daughters—Patricia, who has done three years in the W.R.N.S., and is in India; and Pamela, who is a 16-year-old schoolgirl.

They work hard

Their Southampton home in the south of England is still a 100-bed hospital, and their London home is a small house in Chester Street, which they took when their luxurious two-storied penthouse was bombed early in the war.

Their personal staff says that no amount of work—and they do plenty—is too much when it is being done for two such energetic and enthusiastic workers as the Mountbattens.

On the 20-hour trip from Singapore, typewriters clicked, and all were busy with detailed jobs and plans for the weeks ahead.

Their so-called "rest day," the Sunday of their arrival, was crowded with signals. Even when Lord Louis was changing to informal sports coat and slacks he had to answer the telephone.

Travelling by the big Avro York is considered luxury by Lady Louis, who says she liked flying best when it meant hopping from place to place and sitting on mailbags, and not being too sure if the plane would arrive.

When they return to England Lord Louis says he will go to sea again.

Lady Louis will continue her work with the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

"I'm sure all women and girls who have had war jobs will want to go on working at something. These days no girl can afford to be idle," she said.

PERSONALITY SHINES from this delightfully informal photograph of Lady Louis taken the morning of her arrival at Government House, Canberra. She married Lord Louis in 1922, when as Edwina Ashley, eldest daughter of the late Lord Mount Temple, she was one of the noted beauties of London society.

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Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 9

TWENTY days before, on a stifling August day, planes of the Richthofen squadron had bombed Stalingrad incessantly. The city was burning. It burned that night, all the following day, and all the following night.

Ten days after the start of the fire, the Germans came so close that their artillery and mortar shells began to explode in the centre of the city. On the twenty-first day there came that minute when it might have seemed that to defend the city further was useless, and even impossible. To the north of Stalingrad the Germans had already reached the Volga; to the south they were approaching it. And along almost its entire length the Germans had already occupied the city's western districts.

Cannon fire, which began at seven every morning, did not stop until dusk. Then night attacks began.

An uninitiated man happening into Army headquarters might have thought that everything was in fine shape, and that in any case the defenders still had great strength.

In fact, at staff headquarters, in the artillery regiments, and in the medical corps there were still enough people, but in the rifle regiments and battalions men were counted one by one.

Before the war the commander of the Army would probably have laughed if someone had told him the day would come when the entire mobile reserve which he could move around would consist of three hundred men. But to-day was that day: Three hundred machine-gunners loaded in twenty trucks—this was all he could throw quickly from one end of the city to the other.

On the large, flat top of Mamai Kurgan, a bluff on the west side of the Volga, the staff of the Army was located in dug-outs and trenches, about one kilometre from the front line.

"You should eat," said an adjutant, forcing his way with difficulty into the small dug-out in the ground where the chief of staff of the Stalingrad Army and a member of the military council of the Army sat over their map beside a lamp.

Both looked at each other, then at the map, then again at each other. If the adjutant had not reminded them that it was necessary to eat, they might have sat over the map another hour. They alone knew how dangerous the position really was.

They wanted so badly, if only by some miracle, to find some new and unsuspected possibility on this piece of ruled paper.

"All right, if we should eat, let's eat," said the member of the military council, Matveyev, a man with a happy disposition, cheerful, who loved to eat on those occasions when, in the tumult of staff work, he could remember about eating at all.

Both walked out into the open air. It was just growing dark. The Germans were preparing for the night, shooting into the sky the first white rockets designed to mark out, as was their custom, their own front line.

Matveyev looked around him. The top of Mamai Kurgan was planted with rows of linden trees. This warm autumn evening was so pleasant that it seemed to him stupid to sit in the only building there—a half-destroyed hut where the dining-room had been set up.

"Look," he said to the adjutant, "tell them to bring a table out here so we can eat under the linden trees."

From the kitchen they brought a rickety table, spread a tablecloth, and brought up two stools.

"Well, General, let's sit down," said Matveyev to the chief of staff.

"It's a long time since we sat together in a garden under the lindens, and it will probably be a long time before we do it again." He looked down at the burned-out city.

The adjutant brought tea in glasses.

Matveyev looked down at the city again, deep in thought. Below him there met and parted and crossed and tangled an endless maze of streets along which, together with the fate of many human beings, there would now be decided one great question—the fate of the army.

Through the half-darkness the adjutant hurried up to their table.

"A messenger from Colonel Bobrov," he said in a voice which showed that he had been running.

"Where?" Matveyev asked abruptly.

"With me," the adjutant said. Then he called out: "Comrade Major."

By his side there rose a tall figure which was hard to distinguish in the darkness.

"The reinforcements?" Matveyev asked, almost breathlessly. "Did Colonel Bobrov meet them?"

"Yes," answered the major. "Colonel Bobrov ordered me to report to you that he met them, and that they are about to start crossing the Volga."

"Wonderful," Matveyev said as he stood up, moving back the bench and sighing with deep relief. For the last few hours what had been profoundly worrying him and the chief of staff, and everyone around them, had now been decided.

"The Commander hasn't yet returned?" he asked the adjutant.

"No."

"Send at once to find out the division where he is, and report to him that Colonel Bobrov has met the reinforcements."

Colonel Bobrov had left that morning to meet and to hurry up the reinforcing division in which Saburov commanded a battalion. Bobrov met the battalion at noon. The first man he spoke to happened to be Saburov, who was walking at the head of his battalion.

Having asked Saburov the number of his division, and having learned that his commander was following some distance behind, the colonel quickly stepped back into his automobile and drove on to meet the commander.

By six o'clock in the evening Bobrov, on his way back, found Saburov already at the bank of the Volga.

When Saburov had placed his battalion along the bank, ready for the crossing, he and Colonel Bobrov sat down to rest on a log lying half in the water.

"How is it there?" Saburov asked. He nodded in the direction of the west bank.

"Hard," said the colonel. "Hard."

Saburov looked across at the west bank of the Volga in silence. There it was—high and steep, like all the western banks of all the rivers in Russia. The eternal bad luck, which Saburov himself had experienced in this war, was that all the western banks of Russian rivers were steep, all the eastern banks sloping, and all the Russian cities stood without exception on the western banks: Kiev, Smolensk, Dnepropetrovsk, Moghilev, Rostov, every town he could think of.

All of them, too, were hard to defend because they were up close to the rivers; and all of them would be hard to take back, because they would all lie beyond the rivers.

Beside him, Bobrov waved his arm toward the river and said: "Look, here comes our cutter with its barge."

Please turn to page 33

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Nice Girls Get Married

Continued from page 25

AGAIN Patrick gazed thoughtfully down at the dog, and I said helpfully, "Well, at least you're in love. That's providential enough, at your age."

"What do you mean, at my—? Yes, you're right. And I'm going to marry Lucy no matter how nice she is! But this question of her character is haunting me. Am I a child of good fortune," Patrick Lawrence brooded audibly, "or am I going to be outwitted by a clever woman for the rest of my life?"

My friend was really worried. I wished I could help him, but what could I do?

Mrs. Binns came in. She had the coffee tray in one hand. In the other she carried Patrick's blue shorts. She nodded pleasantly to me—we are old friends—and deposited the tray on the table. Then she held up the shorts with a gesture at once demure and insistent.

"Shall I put these in the bag, or shan't I?" she asked Patrick.

"What bag?" asked Patrick.

Mrs. Binns looked at me. "I'm packing for his honeymoon and he asks me what bag!" she said.

"Oh," said Patrick. "It's that again."

Mrs. Binns continued to address me. "He won't tell me whether they're going to the mountains or the beach. If they're going to the beach he'll want his shorts. If not——"

"Mrs. Binns," interrupted Patrick, "I've told you several times that we're not going anywhere on our honeymoon. We're going to stay here at home."

"Now, Mr. Lawrence!" The good woman spoke soothingly, as though to a person not quite in possession of his senses. "S'pose we just leave them shorts aside for now," she said. "We can always put 'em in at the last minute."

"All right. That's fine, Mrs. Binns," said Patrick.

"Yessir!" said Mrs. Binns. She went out delicately holding the shorts between her thumb and forefinger.

. . . . . .

I was best man at the wedding, which, by special arrangement, took place in Lucy's flat. The minister was a nice old gentleman. One of Lucy's actress friends was maid of honor, and there were a few guests present; not more than a dozen people in all.

In spite of the simplicity of the ceremony, I was nervous. I always am at weddings. As I stood there before the improvised altar I could read Patrick's face like a book. What I read was the story of a man with a serious split in his personality.

On the human side I could see that he was deeply in love with the girl he was about to marry; and no wonder, for Lucy was radiant. Sweet and lovely were the words for Lucy, and the smile on her red lips was no more triumphant, so far as I could tell, than the smile any woman would wear at this most triumphant moment of her life.

Yet it was plain that Patrick's professional self—what he called his lower or artistic nature—had woven a plot in which he was caught like a fly in a spider's web.

I could almost hear that whispered doubt repeating itself like a cracked record in Patrick's ear: "Did Judge steal Lucy's pants, or didn't he? Or didn't he, or didn't he, or didn't he . . . ?"

The marriage service had reached that awful point where the minister asks whether there are any objections to the proceedings. I never can remember the exact words, but it's that ominous part where you are supposed to speak now or forever after hold your peace.

No one spoke. But there was a disturbance just the same.

Through the open door leading to the terrace came Patrick's faithful dog, Judge. I saw him first, out of the corner of my eye. Next the minister saw the collie and stopped reading and made a kind of gurgling sound in his throat. Then everybody, including the bride and groom, saw the dog, and a gentle amused titter swept the room. For Judge was carrying Patrick's blue shorts in his mouth.

With wagging tail and dignified, almost solemn deliberation, the devoted animal marched toward the wedding group.

The titter increased in volume, then suddenly Mrs. Binns appeared from nowhere, grasped Judge firmly by the collar, and led him to the side-lines.

The ceremony continued to its logical and felicitous conclusion. But I scarcely heard the verdict that pronounced Patrick and Lucy man and wife. I was watching Patrick's face. On it I could see the working of a minor miracle.

The split in my friend's personality was healed. His soul was at peace. Because Judge had done it again. The conclusion was inescapable that the dog had stolen Patrick's shorts—which Mrs. Binns had decided not to pack till the last minute—and had brought them to his master of his own accord.

By this simple act the collie had completely exonerated Lucy of any complicity in the original theft of her sun-pants. Never again would Patrick doubt her innocence.

Judge was proved kleptomaniac. But Patrick didn't care. As soon as he had finished kissing his bride, which took some time and considerable energy, he rushed towards his dear dog, snatched Judge away from Mrs. Binns and enthusiastically hugged him.

I was glad for Patrick. So was Mrs. Binns, to whom I had explained earlier that day the problem of the obstacle created by Patrick's suspicion of his beloved. Now the housekeeper and I met and drank a toast to the happy removal of that obstacle.

"Judge did just fine, didn't he?" Mrs. Binns said.

"Yes," I said.

"I thought I'd never get him to take them shorts in his mouth, but once he understood what I wanted him to do, he fetched them all the way."

"You timed it just right," I said.

"It was your idea," Mrs. Binns said.

"I never had a better one. But we'll keep it a secret, won't we, Mrs. Binns?"

"Yessir," Mrs. Binns said; and downed her champagne in one gleeful gulp.

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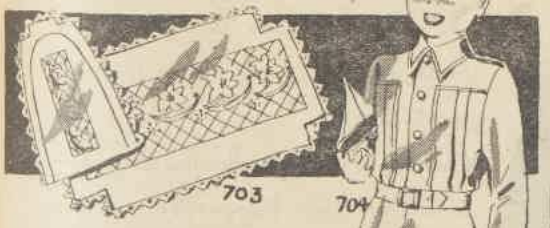

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Days and Nights

Continued from page 28

FIFTEEN minutes later a little steamer, pulling a barge behind it, came up to the bank. Saburov and Bobrov went to the wooden jetty which had been hastily nailed together, where the loading was to take place. Past the soldiers crowding on to the dock, wounded were being carried from the barge. Some of them groaned but most were silent. A young nurse moved from stretcher to stretcher.

The soldiers of Company One began to board the barge. Meanwhile an unexpected complication developed. It seemed that a large number of people had collected on the bank who wanted to cross at once back to Stalingrad.

One was returning from a hospital, another was carrying a keg of vodka from a quartermaster depot, and one, a big, burly fellow, was holding an enormous box which, he told Saburov, contained percussion caps for mines.

Saburov quietly decided to take the man with the percussion caps and the orderly with the vodka, and to turn away the others, telling them they could come on the next barge.

Last of all came the nurse who had just crossed from Stalingrad. She had been helping the wounded as they were unloaded from the barge. She said there were still wounded on the other bank and that with this barge she would have

to bring them here. Saburov could not refuse her, and when the company had embarked, she crossed the narrow gangway after the others, first on to the barge, and then on to the little steamer.

The ferry captain shouted some kind of order to the deck cabin and the steamer pushed off from the bank.

Saburov sat on the poop, swinging his legs over the edge and holding on to the handrail. He took off his coat and laid it by his side. He unbuttoned his tunic and held it away from his chest until it puffed out like a sail.

"You'll catch cold, Comrade Captain," said the nurse, who was standing beside him.

Saburov smiled. It seemed funny to him that in the fifteenth month of the war, crossing the Volga to Stalingrad, he would suddenly catch cold. He did not answer.

"You won't notice that you're catching cold," the girl repeated. "It's cold here on the river in the evenings. Every day I cross the river and I've caught such a cold that I haven't any voice left."

In fact in her thin, young girl's voice there could be heard a kind of hoarseness.

"Do you cross every day?" asked Saburov, looking at her. "How many times?"

"Depending on how many wounded there are, that's how many times I make a crossing. You see, here things aren't the way they used to be—taking wounded first to the regiment, then to a first-aid point, then to a hospital. Now we take them straight from the front line and move them across the Volga right away."

She said this so quietly that Saburov, without meaning to, said: "Aren't you frightened to cross the river so many times?"

"Frightened?" said the girl. "When you're bringing wounded over, it's not so frightening, but when I go back there alone, I get frightened. When you're alone, it's always more frightening, isn't it?"

"True," said Saburov.

The girl sat down beside him and swung her legs over the water. She tapped him on the shoulder confidentially, and said in a whisper, "Do you know what's really frightening? No . . . you don't know. You're already pretty old, you wouldn't know . . . I get frightened that suddenly I'll be killed and there won't be anything left."

"What won't there be?"

"There won't be anything at all . . . Do you know how old I am? I'm eighteen . . . I haven't seen anything yet, anything at all . . . I've dreamed how I would study, and I haven't studied . . . I've dreamed how I would go to Moscow and everywhere, everywhere . . . and I haven't been anywhere at all. I've dreamed . . ."

She grew still, then in a whisper continued: "I've dreamed how I'd fall in love, how I'd get married . . . and there hasn't been any of that . . . so I sometimes get frightened, terribly frightened, that suddenly none of this will happen after all. I shall die and there won't be anything, anything."

"But if you had gone to school and travelled where you wanted to and had been married, do you think it wouldn't be frightening to you?" asked Saburov.

"No," she said with conviction. "For example, you, I know, are not as frightened as I am. How old are you?"

"How old do you think?"

"Well, maybe thirty-five or forty." Yes?"

"Yes." Saburov smiled, and then he thought a little bitterly how useless it would be to say that he wasn't forty or even thirty-five, and that he also had not studied everything that he wanted to, and had not been everywhere he would have liked to go, and had not fallen in love as he would like to fall in love.

"So you see," she continued, "for that reason you oughtn't to be frightened. But for me it is frightening."

This was said with such sorrow and at the same time such self-control that Saburov immediately wanted to pat her on the head as if she were a child, and to say some stupid but good words about how everything would come out all right, and how nothing would happen to her. But the sight of the burning city kept him from saying the words, and instead he simply patted her on the head and quickly took his hand away, not wanting her to think that he had misunderstood her frankness.

"Our doctor died to-day," the girl said. "I was taking him across the river when he died . . . He was always such an angry man, he swore at everybody. When he operated he always swore, and he yelled at us. But when he began to die himself—they had wounded him in the stomach and it hurt him terribly—he just lay there and didn't swear.

"Then I understood that he was probably a very good man. He swore because he couldn't watch people suffer, but when it came his turn to be hurt he just kept quiet, and said nothing, right until he died, nothing at all . . . Only when I cried, he suddenly smiled. What do you think, why did he do that?"

"I don't know," said Saburov. "Maybe he was glad that you were still alive and well in all this war, and so he smiled. But maybe it wasn't that. I don't know."

"I don't know either," the girl said quietly.

The little steamer was now only two or three hundred metres from the Stalingrad shore. At just that moment a shell fell into the water in front of them with a whine. Saburov started with surprise. The girl did not move.

"They're firing," she said. "And here I was talking with you and thinking: 'Why don't they fire?'"

Saburov did not answer. He was listening, and even before the second shell fell he knew it would pass over them. The shell, in fact, fell about two hundred metres behind the steamer. The Germans had taken the steamer in what is called an artillery fork, one shell in front and one behind.

Saburov knew that now they would divide the fork in half. Then this distance they would divide again in half, and make their corrections. He stood up and yelled at the barge: "Maslennikov, tell your men to take off their coats and put them down beside them."

The men standing with him on the little steamer understood that the captain's order referred to them, too, and they hurriedly unbuttoned their greatcoats, took them off, and placed them at their feet.

The German artillery, just as Saburov had foreseen, divided their fork so exactly that the third shell plunged into the water right next to them.

THE steamer had no chance to manoeuvre because of its barge. There was nothing to do but wait out the five minutes still separating them from the bank. Saburov looked at the girl and noticed with surprise that she apparently did not have the feeling people usually have in minutes of danger. She did not want to touch anyone, nor be at someone's side. She stood calmly five steps away from Saburov on the deck where he had left her, and waited quietly.

"If something happens, can you swim to the shore?" he asked her.

"I can't swim," she said.

"Not at all?"

"Not at all."

"Then stand nearer to me," Saburov said. "Look, see the lifebelt hanging there."

He pointed with his hand where he had seen a lifebelt hanging, and at just that second a shell hit the steamer. It landed apparently in the engine-room or in the boilers, because suddenly everything surged and roared round him, and someone flying through the air knocked Saburov off his feet. Then he was himself thrown upward and away from the deck, and he fell into the water.

Quickly he pulled himself to the surface. That part of the steamer on which the stack still remained keeled over about twenty metres from Saburov, and disappeared below the surface of the river.

All round, men were floundering in the water. Saburov realised he had done well to tell the soldiers to take off their coats. His own boots, heavily weighted with water, kept pulling down his legs, and at first he decided to kick them off. But the barge which was drifting toward him was so close that he was reluctant, soldier-fashion, to lose his boots, and decided that he could swim with them.

A moment later he saw the girl, several metres away from him. He made several quick strokes toward her, and when the girl came up to the surface again he grabbed her by her tunic. Luckily, the barge was drifting almost straight on to them. Using all his strength, he moved his free arm to shove himself in its path.

When he saw that strong arms were dragging the girl on to the barge he pulled himself up quickly.

One after another the soldiers swam to the barge. Last of all they pulled out the captain of the tug. He climbed aboard swearing lustily.

Cutting diagonally across the course of the barge another cutter hurried, puffing, from the bank. "Get ready to make fast," someone yelled from it.

A minute later the little sack of sand on its thin rope whistled through the air and fell on the barge. The soldiers began to pull in the hawser. Far behind the barge a few more shells fell into the water, and then everything was quiet. The high bank was too close now and it kept the Germans from shooting.

SABUROV said to Maslennikov: "Count the men. Yes, and get dressed. What's the matter; are you going to stand there barefoot?"

Maslennikov looked in confusion at his bare feet and hurriedly pulled on his boots.

"Give a coat to the girl," Saburov said. "Where is she?"

She was sitting there, several steps away from him, with someone's coat already thrown around her shoulders. Just as if she had forgotten that she was wet to the skin, she was wringing out her long hair, twisting it on her fists. Saburov wanted to go over to her, but just at that moment Maslennikov came up.

"Eight men missing," he told Saburov in a whisper. There was a kind of hurt look on his face. They had not even crossed the river, and already eight men were missing.

Saburov stood a moment, deep in thought. So this was Stalingrad, he said to himself—that flaring sky, the sunken steamer, those half-drowned men—the nurse squeezing the water from her hair. He sighed deeply as the barge was made fast to the dock.

The excited men hurried to get ashore as quickly as they could. Saburov let them pass him. The girl went among the first, and by the time Saburov remembered about her she was no longer either on the barge or on the dock. He and Maslennikov were the last to leave. They felt the ground under their feet, and it was ordinary soil, like everywhere else, the earth on which Stalingrad stood.

By ten o'clock, when Saburov had accounted for his last company, the scene around him seemed to him like some fantastic painting. The Volga clamored behind them.

Please turn to page 35

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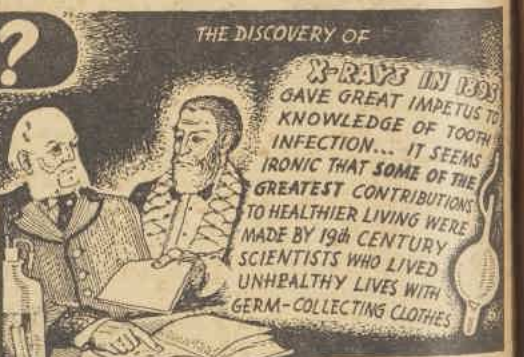

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Days and Nights

Continued from page 33

WITH the night background, columns of flames rose against the entire horizon. Frequently lightning, picking pieces of the shore out of the darkness, illuminated the weird remains of houses fallen in on themselves, roofs torn open to the sky. On the shore, in the strange darkness, it was difficult to move about among the ruins and the debris.

At midnight, when Saburov had finally succeeded in placing his men along the ruined streets lying closest to the river bank, a messenger came up from Babchenko and ordered Saburov to go to the division commander.

Staff headquarters of the division were located near the shore, only ten minutes away. For the time being they were in a cellar by the side of a completed building.

Here it was possible to light a light and the whole cellar was illuminated by a "Bat" storm lantern. The lantern made Saburov blink after the darkness outside. He could not distinguish faces, but he understood from the rumble of voices that there were many people in the cellar.

"Saburov," he heard Babchenko say.

"Well, that's fine, now we're all here," said another voice which sounded familiar to Saburov.

Saburov looked round and saw that Colonel Protsenko, commander of the division, was standing next to Babchenko. Saburov had known him well for a long time, but he had not seen him for almost a month and a half, since the colonel had been severely wounded near Voronesh and sent to the hospital. The colonel took a step out of the darkness towards the lantern, and clapping Saburov on the shoulder, asked: "Well, Alexei Ivanovich, you're still alive?"

"Still alive," said Saburov.

"Alive," Protsenko said. "Well, and I'm alive, too." Turning to someone, hard to distinguish in the darkness, he added: "We're old friends, Comrade General; we were together in front of Moscow . . ."

Suddenly shifting from a caressing, friendly tone of voice to one which was strictly official, he asked again whether all the officers had assembled, and then he began to explain the night's assignment. Babchenko's regiment was to drive the Germans back from the outskirts of a factory settlement in a night attack.

Precisely and in great detail, as was his custom, Protsenko explained the task, pointing with his pencil on a map. Then, dismissing the officers of two regiments which would be required during the night simply to move up to their positions, he turned to Babchenko.

"Do you understand, Phillip Phillipovich, what you are to do?"

"We'll do it," said Babchenko.

"The situation is tough," Protsenko turned and looked hard at Babchenko. "Very tough . . . It's night fighting, in a city you don't know. Here, there can be no precise directions. The more men you use, the more confusion there will be, and the more losses. Surprise and determination, but not numbers . . . you understand, Comrade Babchenko?"

He spoke sternly, as if expecting decisions by Babchenko of which he would not approve. "To-night you will send up only one battalion, and the two others should be ready by dawn for support and for beating back the counter-attack. The attack itself you will entrust to Saburov."

Turning to Saburov, Protsenko continued: "You must understand, too, that at night it's not numbers, but surprise. Just as it was at Voronesh . . . Do you remember Voronesh?"

"Yes."

"Well then, that's all. Fight the way you did at Voronesh, and even better. That's all the good advice there is."

He turned then to a man standing in the rear who had been quietly listening to the conversation.

"Have you any commands, Comrade General?" Protsenko asked. "May I release the officers?"

"In just a minute," the general said as he came closer to the light.

Now Saburov could see him quite clearly. He was of medium height, with a leonine head, grey, heavy eyes, and a strong chin.

"Have you seen street fighting before?" he asked Saburov.

"Yes."

"Put your sappers in front, the tommy gunners in front along with your best sharpshooters, do you understand?"

"I understand."

"And go first yourself. In situations like this here in Stalingrad, that's our custom."

"And in our division, it is also our custom," Saburov said with a sharpness he did not expect to hear in his own voice, just as if the conversation were with a civilian and not with the commander of an army. Saburov forgot even to add the words: "Comrade General." The general's face showed nothing. It was impossible to guess whether the answer had pleased him or displeased him.

"May I dismiss the officers?" Protsenko asked again.

"Yes, let them go," said the general.

Walking out, Saburov felt the general's eyes following him, and he heard a final phrase, spoken loudly by Protsenko.

"Don't worry; he'll make it . . ."

When Saburov returned to where his battalion was quartered, his orderly had already set up something like a command post in the middle of a ruined house. The orderly was an enterprising tommy-gunner called Petya, a diminutive of his Christian name, by everybody in the battalion, in spite of the fact that he was over thirty.

Saburov summoned Maslennikov and the officers of all three companies in his battalion.

"In front of us," he explained, spreading out a map of the city, "is this square. On that side are the houses already taken by the Germans—three big apartment houses, each one covering half a block. We've got to take back these houses to-night."

He divided his forces into three groups: The left-hand house, on the left of the square, would be taken by one officer, Gordienko, and his group; the house on the right would be taken by another officer, Parfenov; he himself would attack directly across the square.

Saburov turned to Maslennikov. "You will stay in reserve. Place the men so that at dawn when we have driven out the Germans, you will be as close to us as possible and can come and help us. Understand, Maslennikov?"

"I understand," Maslennikov answered. There was a little chagrin in his voice. He was unhappy to be left in the reserve on his first big action.

In the half hour left before the attack, Saburov visited all three companies, which were rummaging round in the dark. Calling to mind one after another those who had fought with him near Voronesh, he picked them out so that in this first attack, a night attack at that, as many veterans as possible would be taking part.

When he was walking through Company Two, he suddenly remembered the soldier with whom he had talked in Eltonskaya.

"Konyukov," he called.

"Here," a soldier said in his ear, looming up from the ground in front of him.

"Include this man," Saburov said to the officer.

A half-hour later, the companies began to move slowly through the rain along the burned-out streets still filled with the acrid smell of smoke. A small, black-haired lieutenant named Zhuk, who had been attached to Saburov's battalion, led them through the backyards of buildings on the street which for this night constituted the front line.

Beyond was a broad square, and on its opposite side, cut out from it like peninsulas, stood the three large buildings now occupied by the Germans, barely visible as big shadows in the dark. On the near side of the square stood the remnants of the regiment which had retreated here during the daytime.

SABUROV learned that the commander of the regiment had been killed. It was now led by a captain, and the first lieutenant who was guiding him turned out to have been temporary chief of staff of the regiment.

He told his officers the positions from which all three of the attacking groups should start. For himself he took the centre of the square. He would have to move straight across, right through the open square, on which the only cover was a round fountain, now no more than a shadow, but clearly marked on the map.

Before the start Saburov once more called Gordienko and Parfenov to him. Taking out of his pocket a cigarette case in which there were four precious cigarettes, he offered them one each, thinking deeply.

What could he say to them? That they should go forward—they knew this. That they should not be afraid of death—they would still be afraid, just exactly as he would himself. That the taking of these three houses was urgent, very urgent—but if it had not been urgent, would anyone have been sending people out through this darkness to the unknown and death? Of course, it was urgent and necessary.

Instead of any of these words, with a quick impulse he quietly drew the tall Gordienko and the thin, short Parfenov to him by the shoulders, squeezed them both in his long, muscular arms, and just as quietly released them. When they had disappeared back into the dark, he found himself thinking not about himself but about them, and whether he would see them again. Whether they would ever see him again or not did not occur to him.

To be continued

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Film Reviews

★★ HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY

A ROMANTIC story and some captivating acting by Robert Walker, Hedy Lamarr, and June Allyson make this MGM release a happy experience. Walker gets better in every film. As the bellboy who temporarily falls for the lovely European princess (Miss Lamarr), who is visiting New York, he is outstanding. Whimsical little June Allyson is delightful.—Capitol; showing.

★★ THE GAY SISTERS

DON'T be misled by the flippant title of this Warners drama. For the most part this film is heavy fare, with little comedy relief, but it is an entertaining tale competently acted.

The main theme of the tale deals with three sisters, their loves and hates, and their legal entanglements. As the sisters you will see Barbara Stanwyck giving a vital, convincing performance as the bitter Fiona; Geraldine Fitzgerald, not so convincing as the selfish Evelyn; and Nancy Coleman, a suitably sweet and helpless Susanna.

The leading male role goes to George Brent.—Tatler; showing.

★★ JUNIOR MISS

THE devastating effects which the teen-age members of a family can have on the family routine come to light with an excellent adaptation by Fox of Sally Benson's amusing stories of suburban life.

Peggy Ann Garner was a good choice for the role of Judy Graves, who with her friend Fuffy (Barbara Whiting) nearly drives her harassed father (Allen Joslyn) and bewildered mother (Sylvia Field) mildly insane.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ BECAUSE OF HIM

DEANNA DURBIN'S fans can sit back and relax again. Universal has taken their best box-office bet away from the sophistication of her recent films and given her the type of role in which she gained her initial fame. The change is to be highly commended.

For good measure, Deanna has Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone to help her pep up the story of an ambitious young singer-waitress who is befriended by an actor of the "ham" vintage (Laughton) and finds romance with the scornful, handsome author (Tone).

Laughton is magnificently "hammy."—Lyceum; showing.

★ THE GREAT JOHN L.

BING CROSBY turns producer for the first time and releases through United Artists a punch-drunk biography of the famous American boxer John L. Sullivan. Star of the film is previously unknown Greg McClure, a Crosby discovery. He is brawny and obviously willing to do his best with the long role which takes Sullivan from brash youth through fame, to a drink-sodden era, and finally to a salvation and a happier life.

Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton are feminine influences.—Empire; showing.

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Yours for the Asking

Continued from page 11

PEOPLE sat about, drinks in hand, talking. Mrs. Tomlinson came briskly over the flagged stones. "You look more delectable than this ration buffet," she rasped. "Come and meet Mark Sebring."

She took Linda's arm, and they went slowly toward a group of people standing near the steps that led down to the beach. One of the men was talking, the others listening. Linda heard a deep voice, saw an oddly familiar gesture, and then a dark head with a vivid streak of white.

Mrs. Tomlinson rasped, "Here's someone you should know, Mark. Mrs. Raleigh is the local bookseller—your bread and butter in this vicinity . . . Linda, this is Mark Sebring."

Mark Sebring smiled. His handclasp was warm. His lips quirked. "'Man does not live by bread alone,'" he quoted. "Hello again, Mrs. Raleigh. It looks as though you and Susan had a nice swim."

The group was breaking up, drifting away. Linda breathed, "We did, thank you," even as she withdrew her hand from his clasp, thinking, "Of course, I should have recognised him." Marcus Sebring was more than a writer. He was a celebrity. She knew now that his limp came from a piece of shrapnel in Africa. Being a war correspondent was no picnic.

Mrs. Tomlinson said, "So you've met? You get Linda some supper, Mark. She's probably ravenous. I always was at her age. I had a figure, too, even if it wasn't up to Linda's."

Linda got pink as Mark laughed. "I'll stay her with flagons and fill her with larks' tongues and nightingales' songs."

"They're probably rationed, too," Mrs. Tomlinson grated, and walked away.

Mark filled their plates at the buffet. He said, "You'll want some of this," at each colorful dish, and grinned at her. "We really don't know what rationing is." He carried the plates to the far end of the broad terrace, while the white-capped maid followed with the tall, frosted glasses of iced coffee.

Linda ate hungrily. She said once, "You really should go back to the others," and Mark looked up and grinned, "I'm the guest of honor. I've privileges." He added, "This is a dream come true." After a while he turned from looking out at the changing colors of the quiet Sound. "How old is Susan?"

"Eight," Linda said, her blue eyes widening.

Mark shook his head. "I'll be just a little too old by the time she grows up." He said sadly, "I'm afraid I can't marry your daughter, Mrs. Raleigh. It's out of the question."

Linda laughed. It surprized her. She hadn't laughed so easily, so freely in years. Then Nancy Parker came across the stones. She put a jewelled hand on Linda's arm. "Can I be entertained, too?"

Linda's face quieted. She put down her glass, and she didn't look at Mark Sebring as Nancy's bright voice took charge.

There was bridge later on inside the spacious, luxurious house. Linda never played. She couldn't afford to. She sat listening as Mark Sebring talked to the group, who bombarded him with questions. She smiled, but not too brightly, at the men who spoke to her. Young Jerry Morsten came up to ask her to dance. The loud-speaker on the terrace was giving out the radio's soft music.

Linda shook her head. She knew the Morstens wouldn't like it. "I'm afraid I'm too tired to dance this one," she told Jerry, aware of Mark nearby.

Mark said easily, "Since I don't dance, I claim the intervals."

Jerry Morsten said formally, "Thank you very much, Mrs. Raleigh." His back was stiff as he walked away.

Mark Sebring threw his arms upward and out. "What a night." He smiled down at her in the half-light of the terrace. "I've roared for my supper. I don't have to be the lion any longer." His head came closer. "Mrs. Tomlinson says there are all sorts of bathing suits in the cabanas. What about a swim? No one would see us."

Linda was tempted. Not for years had she felt that conspiratorial urge. She smiled up at him, then shook her head regretfully. "I've got to go home. Susan's alone, and it's getting late."

"So it is," Mark said. "I'll pay my respects to Mrs. T., and call a taxi."

Mark told the driver, "If you go a little slower we'll be able to enjoy the night the more."

The driver said, "Sunday night, sir. We got more calls than we can handle."

Mark sank back against the cushions. "The leisurely life," he murmured. "When, oh, when, will we achieve it?"

Linda looked at him, feeling his eyes upon her. He said suddenly, "It was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Linda answered. "Ever so nice. It was kind of Mrs. Tomlinson to ask me."

He said abruptly, "You must have been married very young, Mrs. Raleigh."

"I was married at eighteen and divorced before I was twenty," Linda said quietly.

Mark said, "Poor kid." And then the taxi stopped before the shop.

She got out of the cab and smiled at Mark. "Good-night, and thank you, Mr. Sebring."

"I'll see you to-morrow," Mark Sebring said cheerfully.

Linda took her hand from his grasp. "I'll be very busy. I work for a living, you know."

"I know very well. You sell books. I've got a house now and shelves to fill." He turned back to the car, then paused. "I meant that about the beach. Use it when you wish, will you? Good-night."

Linda closed the house door gently behind her. When she got upstairs Susan was asleep, the covers thrown off her as usual. She stirred as Linda rearranged the bedclothes, but she didn't waken. Linda went to the window and looked out into the velvet dark . . .

Mark came to the shop the next afternoon. He said, "Hello, Mrs. Raleigh. This place is almost as cool as you look. May I sit down? I have a long list."

He had. Linda puckered her forehead over it. "I have hardly any of these in stock. I'm not sure, either, if I'll be able to get them."

"You try," Mark said comfortably filling his pipe. "There's no hurry. The shelves aren't up yet, anyway." He lighted the pipe, looking sideways at her over the bowl. "It's a lovely afternoon. The water is fine. Wouldn't a swim tempt you?"

Linda frowned. "I have to work."

"All day?" His eyes laughed at her.

"All day," Linda said severely.

Mark got up. He looked at his watch, grinned at her. "I've got to get back home—I have an appointment. Be seeing you."

He went out of the shop, and when he was gone Linda sat looking at the list. It was a good commission. There would be several pounds in it for her. She wished, however, that she could shake the feeling that Mark Sebring was doing her a favor. She knew that he was kindly, but she felt that he was pitying her, that he knew all about her financial state. She didn't want favors from Mark . . . from any man . . .

Susan told her where she'd been when she came home late. That, Linda realised, was what Mark Sebring had meant by his appointment. She couldn't tell Susan not to go to the little beach, because that would have entailed making Susan understand, and she couldn't explain how she felt. Not to a child.

She ran into Mark quite often. She got more invitations than ever before, and somehow she felt that he was responsible. That he would say, "You're going to ask Mrs. Raleigh, aren't you? Got to keep on the right side of the booksellers, you know." It would be just like him, and yet Linda wished he wouldn't.

She went to the beach once or twice with Susan, but Mark Sebring wasn't there, and Linda wasn't sure whether she was happy about it or not. Susan chattered about him and about Jason, Mark's houseman.

When she saw Mark at the Amesses' water carnival she thanked him somewhat stiffly for his kindness to Susan, and Mark stared at her. "Kindness? Linda, you're talking of the woman I could love—if she were twenty years older." He laughed at her. "You won't object to my clandestine meetings with her? We have another on Wednesday afternoon." He nodded. "You close Wednesday afternoons, don't you? Why don't you come, too?"

Linda wouldn't have gone if Susan hadn't taken for granted that she was going. She came home from school and yodelled under the window. It was hot, and the thought of the cool water overcame Linda's scruples.

Mark wasn't there when they got to the beach. Susan said, "He's working. He always works until four." She was drinking her milk, her hair plastered darkly about her face. "Then he throws what he's done into the wastepaper basket and swears—he says."

She laughed, and Linda smiled. Susan said, "Here he comes," and got up to go racing across the sand, her thin legs twinkling.

MARK had a towel over his brown shoulders. He said, "This is nice. If I'd been sure you were coming, I'd have asked you to tea." He sat down on the sand, his brown eyes smiling. He said, "Tell me about yourself. You never say a word on that subject, you know."

Linda's eyes widened. "Don't you know all about me?"

"Not a thing," Mark said lazily "except that you're lovely, and run a bookshop, and have a daughter I'm considering kidnapping."

"There's nothing to tell about," Linda said. "I'm not clever or rich—in fact, I'm very poor, and looks are only skin deep."

"Are they now?" Mark asked lazily. He looked at Susan running at the water's edge, picking up shells. He turned over on to his side. "Do you ever get to the city?"

"Very seldom," Linda told him.

"There's going to be a ballet. I've been given some tickets. I thought you might like to take Susan."

Linda looked down at her brown hands. "It's very kind of you, but I'm afraid I can't accept."

Mark lifted his head. His eyes met hers and his face was suddenly quiet. "I see," he said; "I see." There was something in his voice that made Linda look up quickly, but Mark got to his feet and went limping toward where Susan was waving, far up the beach.

He didn't come back with Susan, who said, "He's got to work some more," and Linda picked up her pull-over. "It's time we were getting back home, too, dear."

She was glad she had shown him how she felt about accepting favors, but she rather regretted the necessity. She continued to run into him quite often. It was impossible not to see most people in the course of a week. He came into the shop, too, to discuss the books she was gathering for him. But he wasn't the same. His smile was ready, his words and actions as courteous and friendly, but his dark eyes didn't laugh as they had.

After that she did not see him for quite a little while. She was beginning to think he must be badly offended. Then one day he came in again, and the sight of him made the shop suddenly brighter.

Mark's brown eyes met hers. "I'm giving a party next Saturday night."

Linda waited.

Mark said, "I need some help with the details. Mrs. Tomlinson said you do secretarial work now and then. I'll be glad to pay your usual fee. Would you help me?"

Linda said swiftly: "I'll do it with pleasure—but I can't charge you."

She lifted her head proudly, and Mark said: "All right. Thank you, Linda."

It surprised her that he did not object, but she was glad. It would help her feel that she was paying for the favor he had done—letting them use his beach; being so nice to Susan.

He took a list from his pocket. "I've put down what names I could remember. You might add any others you think I should ask."

At the door he turned. "If you could come over Friday for tea you could arrange with Jason for what we'll need."

"All right," Linda said; and Mark added, "Bring Susan, too."

He went out quickly, and Linda went back to her desk, conscious of an unwonted stirring, a sense of pleasurable anticipation . . .

The afternoon was golden when she and Susan left their bikes against the warm stone of the cottage. Mark came from the cool dimness to welcome them.

Linda went into the kitchen with Jason, gave him the lists for the party. Doing so, Linda savored what it would be like to run a house like this as her own. Then she heard Susan and Mark laughing on the terrace, and she lifted her head, the bright hair glinting. She hadn't heard Mark's laugh for a long time.

They were in the living-room when she came out. Linda sat down in a wine-red chair, and Jason brought the tea-tray.

It was very restful and soothing. Linda thought of Vincent. They'd never had a real home. Swanky suites in hotels. Gaiety, and people Linda had never felt at ease with. A feverish, tense existence while there was money, and afterward . . . She drew her breath and Mark said: "I have something for you, Susan."

Susan sat up, her plaits quivering. Mark went out of the room. When he came back he was wheeling a bike—a red and chromium model with a varnished basket. He said: "You use your bike so much that you've worn it out. I'd hate you to have a breakdown some day and not get here. Will you have this?"

Susan said slowly: "I'm sorry, Mark. I can't let Linda accept it."

His face got suddenly angry. "Why on earth not?"

Linda trembled, but her voice was steady: "I can't let you give Susan such an expensive gift. I can't . . ."

The anger faded from Mark's face. He looked at her a long moment, then at Susan, sitting very still, and he said softly: "I'm sorry. You must forgive me."

That was all, but Linda was still shaken as they rode home through the quiet countryside. Susan didn't say anything; and at last Linda murmured: "Some day I'll buy you a bike like that, but I couldn't let you accept it from Mr. Sebring. It—it wouldn't be proper."

Surprisingly, Susan said: "That's all right, Mummy. I like this one better, anyway. I don't mind, only——" she hesitated. "He wanted to give it to me, Mummy. It would have been fun for him."

Linda swerved perilously . . .

LINDA had no time to talk to Mark the next afternoon. She'd left her schoolgirl helper at the shop, and Susan was to stay the night with Peggy Elwood. The cottage was a mad rush. Both Jason and Mrs. Tomlinson's Graham, in their white coats, moved with drinks among the colorful people on the terrace and on the beach. Mark was busy with the guests and Linda went from kitchen to beach and back, seeing to everything.

It was much later, when the darkness had come, that Linda went down to the beach. There were couples sitting on the rocks, laughing, talking, dimly seen. Linda walked on the firm sand in her yellow skirt and sweater, her tan sandals. The moon was rising from the water, and she saw Mark sitting at the far end where she and Susan swam. He turned his head as she came. He said, "It's a nice party. It went off well, didn't it?"

"Very well," Linda said. "The nicest I've been to this summer."

Mark was still. Linda said, "Mark." She saw his head turn, and she said, "About the bike. I'm sorry if you were hurt, but I can't let Susan take things when we can't give in return."

He looked at her, tapping his pipe against his palm. "Yes, I see it was selfish of me."

"Selfish?" She stared at him, wide-eyed.

He put his hands in the pockets of his jacket. "Giving is the most selfish of acts. When we like people we want to give them things. It may be different with children—they like to receive—but grown people get so much more pleasure out of giving than they ever can by receiving. Thinking of the gift, choosing and getting it, seeing the pleasure it gives. Delighting in it. Isn't that selfish?"

"I never thought of it like that," Linda stammered.

Mark said quietly, "Your husband must have been an awful fool, Linda, if he made you think that people give because they want to receive a full return. They don't."

Linda's fingers were clenched. "It's all right for you—but me—I've nothing to give."

He turned on her almost angrily. "Nothing? Giving isn't money, or the things money can buy. You've got your loveliness and kindness. The love that must still be somewhere deep inside you—in your heart."

He got up abruptly. "We'd better be getting back." He looked down at her in the glow of the moon. "Thanks for your help, Linda. I probably won't be seeing you again. I'm closing the house."

Linda's throat constricted. "I thought you were going to be here."

"So did I," Mark said slowly.

"Then why—why are you leaving?"

"Don't you know?" he asked. "I thought everyone did. I thought there wasn't a single person for miles who doesn't know I'm in love with you, yours for the asking."

His shoulders lifted as Linda stood, wide-eyed. "I found the home I always wanted—dreamed of. And then—you came along. Linda, I thought I was past love—past all that fever and longing. But I'm not." As Linda stood, her throat tight, he shook his head. "How can I stay when I want you, and you've made it so plain that I haven't a chance?"

He started up the beach, and Linda stared after him, her heart beating wildly. She hadn't thought that Mark might love her, that he might take her pride for dislike of him.

She saw now what life could be—and she knew that without Mark, the sound and sight of him, his presence, it would be utterly intolerable, unbearable.

She went running down the sand, her hair lifting. She caught his arm, and Mark stopped and looked down at her, his eyes shining in the dark. She could feel the wet of tears on her cheeks. "Don't go, Mark," she whispered. "We—I don't want you to. Please. Do me a favor and stay."

She felt his body tense, and then he laughed, exultantly, joyously, and his arms went about her, protective, promising.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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Film won star Academy Award

1 **FOLLOWING** murder of her worthless husband, Mildred Pierce (Crawford) tells her life story to Inspector Peterson (Olsen).

2 **AFTER SEPARATING** from her first husband, Ber (Bennett), Mildred takes a job as a waitress to sup port her two daughters. With help of friend Ida (Arden) Mildred later opens chain of successful cafes of her own and settles with her family into a luxurious home.

3 **SOON** she meets Monty Beragon (Scott) and after she gives him an interest in her business they decide to get married.

4 **SELFISH** and snobbish daughter Veda (Blyth) is ashamed of Mildred and her escapades finally cause a quarrel with her mother.

5 **ANXIOUS** to win Veda back, Mildred is astounded to find that she and Monty have been meeting secretly for some time.

6 **WHEN** Monty is shot, Mildred, bitterly unhappy, tries to take the blame, but detectives find the real murderer. Mildred is reconciled with her first husband, whom she has always loved in spite of their separation.

Joan Crawford is 1945 best actress

IN the title role of Warners' "Mildred Pierce," 1945 Academy Award winner Joan Crawford makes her first appearance for some years in a tense drama written by James Cain. She portrays a woman who fights to protect her children, only to lose one by death and to find the other develop into an ungrateful, leisure-loving girl who ruins her mother's home and happiness. The star is supported by Zachary Scott, Eve Arden, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson, and Bruce Bennett.

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FREDA ROBERTSHAW

Specially painted for Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., by Miss Freda Robertshaw.

"This life in the Sun"

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At such a time we are invigorated, we feel like working, and, although we may remain on the hillside perhaps for a day only, this life in the sun, in the rain and in every changing breeze, remains always. The golden wheatfield in the valley remains also, storing up this life, this vita, until every head of golden grain is heavy with it, and from such goodness comes an essence—VITA-WEAT.

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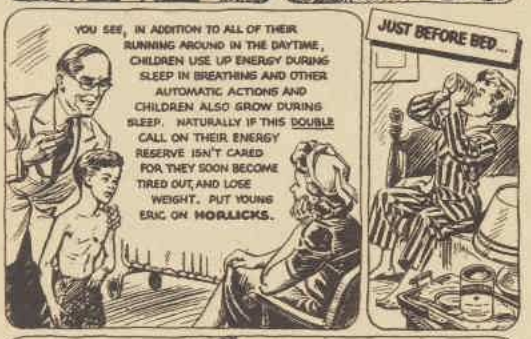

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There are several kinds of anaemia

By MEDICO

"I HAVE been anaemic for some time now, but the iron tablets I have bought from the chemist haven't done me much good," complained Mrs. Watkins.

"There are many causes of anaemia," I assured her. "So it is best to find out the cause of the trouble before starting treatment."

"Isn't anaemia due to a shortage of iron in the system?" she inquired.

"It can be, but not always. Some sufferers from anaemia have more iron in their system than they need."

"What foods help to make good blood?" she asked.

"Foods that are good for the body as a whole are good for the blood. We know that every day leafy salad vegetables, fruit, potatoes, oatmeal or wheatmeal porridge, and a pint of milk, with lamb's fry once a week, will do good things to your blood and your complexion," I told her.

"Is my anaemia due to not having enough of these foods?" asked Mrs. Watkins.

Diet deficiency

"MOST women, especially housewives, don't eat enough of these foods. They depend too much on tea, white bread and butter, or biscuits. To be sure of the cause of your anaemia I will examine under the microscope a few drops of blood from your finger."

When Mrs. Watkins came next day to learn the result of her blood count I was able to tell her that she was suffering from a form of anaemia which could be controlled by injections of liver extract . . .

Within a month her color and general health had improved considerably, and her blood count was nearly normal.

"I realise now," said Mrs. Watkins on her last visit, "that the first step in the treatment of anaemia is a blood test and a medical examination."

(All names used in these articles are fictitious.)

'DAMP-SET'

Your hair with

Velmol

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea. Now Velmol makes it so easy — so simple — that you can "damp-set" your own hair at home . . . yourself!

A "damp-set" with Velmol works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes—with a few drops of Velmol—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls—just as you like them best.

First: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Next: Moisten brush with Velmol and brush through hair. Now: Arrange hair with fingers and comb—you'll be delighted with your deep, firm, thrilling waves and curls that last for days—yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

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for Autumn

• This lovely model . . . new, smart, young, was specially designed for The Australian Women's Weekly readers by a notable French milliner. You can order it now from our Fashion Department. For price and other details see below.

DIGNITY and charm . . . the model can be readily adapted to suit all types. Here the veiling is drawn across the face and ties at the back of the head. Flattering.

SO SOPHISTICATED, so feminine. Here the veiling is drawn softly under the chin, framing the face, and is pinned with costume jewellery to the frock.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY model hat comes in six lovely shades, in addition to black and navy, and is all ready for you to wear.

Clever, fashionwise fingers evolved this versatile high-crowned sailor from the finest of wool felts.

In keeping with the style, the same skilful hands evolved (1) contrast trimmings of velvet touched with sequins and swathed with veiling; (2) finely corded ribbon, cunningly stitched and finished with provocative pompons to catch and hold the eye.

Colors embrace duchess-blue, mist-pink, amber, wood-brown, silver-grey, spirited red, black, navy.

Now imagine yourself in mist-pink with navy-blue veiling, or in duchess-blue with a brown veil softly framing your face—a honeymoon hat if ever there was one, to face an admiring husband and a galaxy of envying friends.

You can dress it up, dress it down—suit your every need and whim. You can wear The Australian Women's Weekly model hat with flattering veil misting your face, or caught beneath the chin.

Or you can choose a finely corded ribbon trimming with pompons that saucily dangle at the nape of your neck, and wear the hat on the level, on the back of the head, or slightly tilted forward or sideways.

It's so versatile, so adaptable. It becomes the round face or the oval face. It lends distinction to a two-piece, or top-coat; it teams beautifully with furs, with cocktail dresses.

It can be a saucy hat, a dignified hat, an ultra-smart affair — The Australian Women's Weekly model hat suits all types, all ages.

Here are details of colors, trimmings, sizes, and price:

Amber, with brown trimming and brown veiling.

Duchess-blue with soft navy-blue trimming and veiling.

Mist-pink with pastel blue trimming and navy or brown veiling.

Silver-grey with grey trimming and veiling.

Wood-brown with dark brown trimming and brown veil.

Spirited red with bright blue trimming and navy veiling.

Navy with red trimming and navy veiling.

Black with pastel blue trimming and black veiling.

In addition, the contrast trimming of finely corded ribbon and pompons (note illustration) accompanies each hat.

These two sets of trimmings are made in such a way as to be slipped on or off the hat as desired.

When ordering state head size required: 21½, 22, or 22½. (To measure head-size slip tape round hair at nape of neck and bring to a point on forehead just below hair-line.)

The Australian Women's Weekly model hat costs 52/6, plus 1/6½ postage. N.B.: It comes in a special box by registered mail.

Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department. Addresses in each State are given under the concession coupon, Fashion Pattern, page 31.

DRY, LIFELESS HAIR?

Dry Scalp, Lifeless Hair is a warning

help nature give you good-looking hair!

YOUR HAIR WARNS YOU when Nature fails to supply enough natural scalp oils. It loses its lustre. Looks dry and lifeless. To check Dry Scalp, give both scalp and hair the help they need, supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind with just five drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic a day.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care — both Scalp and Hair

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THE QUALITY IS A PROUD TRADITION . . . GUARANTEED SHRINKPROOF

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LOVELY YOUNG AUSTRALIAN Moira Forbes. Her fine, smooth skin requires very little make-up. She thoroughly approves the sensible health and beauty regime recommended by Carolyn Earle.

VERY SMOOTH

● It has always seemed to me that so much has been said and written about the skin and its care that those of us not blessed with the almost-perfect normal or very smooth skin have become a little confused about the whole subject.

By CAROLYN EARLE

SO perhaps it would be helpful if we started off with a bit of general explanation to clear the air, so to speak.

There are three types of skin: Normal, dry, and oily. Sometimes a fourth is found, a mixed condition dry and scaly in some spots, oily and shiny in others. This is really a manifestation of an oily condition and should be dealt with as such. Don't, however, allow an oily condition of the nose to confuse you, because, no matter how dry the skin, everyone is more or less oily round the nose.

Normal skin is a healthy skin, neither over-oily nor dry. It may be thin, medium, or heavy in texture with fine, small, or large pores. Rarely is the so-called normal skin found on a woman past 25 years of age, being more common to teen-agers and young women. After the middle twenties, the normal skin has a tendency to dry out unless it is properly cared for and the health kept at par.

Next we have the most general type—the dry skin. This is usually a thin, sensitive skin showing some tautness, dryness, and roughness. Powder usually flakes on this type of skin, and tiny lines, particularly in the eye area, form faster than with normal or oily skin.

The oily skin is usually heavy or somewhat coarse in texture, sometimes showing large pores. It has a definite shine, particularly round the nose and chin, where powder often cakes. It is usually difficult to keep powder on this type of skin.

Now that is not too complicated, is it? But do you really know which of these groups you come into? It is most important that you do because upon that knowledge will depend your entire cosmetic routine If you cannot decide your own skin type, or have the horrible feeling your analysis may be faulty, do make a point of checking up with some person qualified to set you straight.

There are just three rules for a healthy, well-conditioned skin: Cleanliness, stimulation, and preservation. All these are definite musts in your complexion programme, if you want a smooth, fine-textured skin, and that's the general idea, isn't it?

The remedy is very simple. Soap-users should rinse in several lots of water, and follow, if the skin is dry, with a little cream. Two applications of cream do a better job than one, and if the second one is followed by skin-freshener or soap and water washing, depending on preference, the complexion will benefit enormously.

Stimulation comes mainly from within—from the bloodstream itself. It is the same old story: The source of good looks is health, so that sleep, exercise, and diet pay big dividends in clear, healthy skin.

Surface circulation, of course, may be increased by massage, packs, and the like, which are beneficial, too.

For skin preservation you will need to include in your cosmetic cabinet some nourishing type of night cream.

Having scrupulously cleaned your face for the night, follow with an application of night cream as instructed, some of which you will leave on while you sleep, blotting off the excess.

Don't confuse your skin type with your skin coloring or undertone or complexion tone, which are entirely different subjects, and will be dealt with in due course.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

GLASSWARE and dishes can be mended temporarily by using colorless nail polish on the break. Of course, they could then only be used as ornaments and could not be put in hot water.

★ ★ ★

WHEN making the starch next washing-day add a little methylated spirit. Simplifies ironing.

★ ★ ★

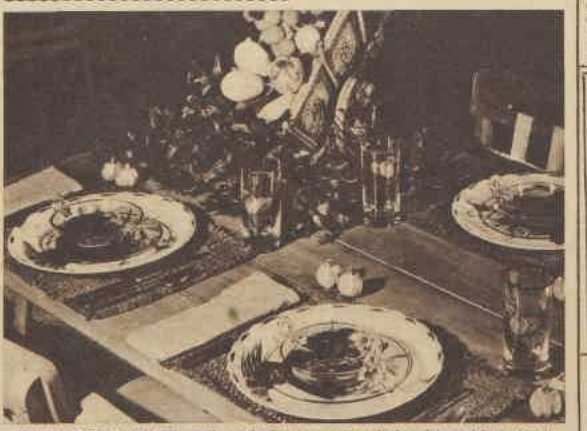
EASIEST way to peel pineapple is to cut it into rings and peel each ring separately.

★ ★ ★

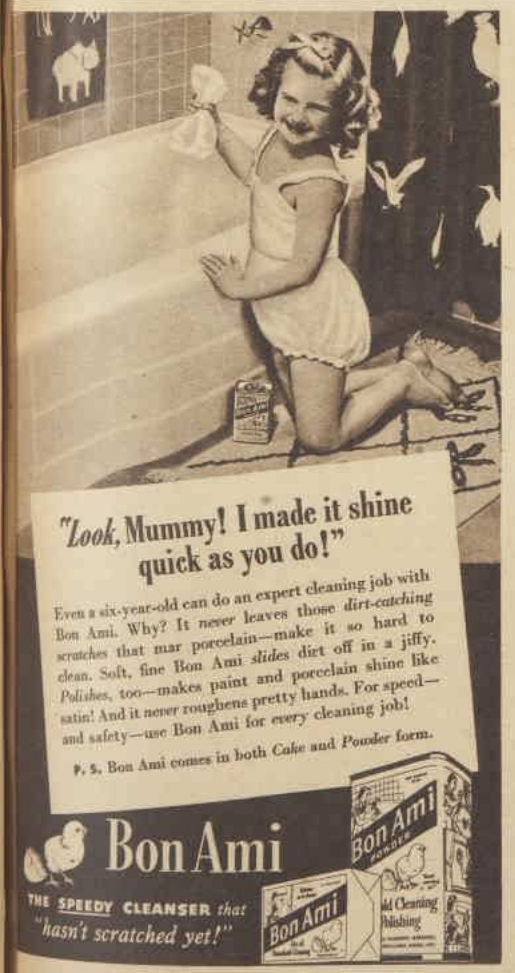
NEXT time you are painting woodwork, coat the door knobs and other metals with vaseline. Then if the paint splashes these surfaces it can easily be wiped off.

★ ★ ★

DON'T arrange your roses as soon as you pick them—first, place in deep water in a shady spot, and then, before removing them, cut the stems under water.



ATTRACTIVE CHINA and good glass are not only hard to get but shockingly expensive. So for that special party why not give a festive touch to plain white plates and ordinary glass? Colorful paints, lacquer, or enamels and brush, plus a little artistry, will do the trick.



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Obtainable at all good class hardware stores.

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For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2½d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 221-9 Collins St., Melb., C.1. F6822.

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Q. Why does KRAFT Cheese Taste better?

BE-CAUSE IT'S BLEN-DED BET-TER!

A. because it's BLENDED BETTER!

The mellow blended goodness of **KRAFT CHEESE** makes sandwiches taste twice as exciting

"The way Kraft blend their hand-picked cheddars into one golden, mature cheese is a well kept secret" says ELIZABETH COOKE.

Kraft Cheese stays fresh and moist to the last golden slice, and you *always* get that mature flavour you like so much. Enjoy the blended goodness of Kraft Cheese in sandwiches, savouries, snacks and cooked dishes. Ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8 oz. packet, or have the quantity you want sliced from the economical 5 lb. loaf.

Listen to

MARY LIVINGSTONE M.D.

The life story of a brilliant woman doctor

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The Kraft Cheese you buy is a harmonious blend of flavours. Kraft select the finest cheddars, mature them for flavour, then blend the mild with the tasty to get that mellow, yet *fully-bodied* flavour you like so much better.

KRAFT CHEESE

TASTES BETTER BECAUSE IT'S BLENDED BETTER!

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Light, Hot and Savory

• This type of cooking is not a chore, it is fun. These are little dishes for odd-time catering . . . for the unexpected guest to luncheon, for after-theatre suppers, for the bridge four on a cold night.

By . . .
OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT is this kind of dish that is concocted on the night when the family of two decide against a regular dinner and substitute a light snack, something hot and savory, something easy to whip up but very nice.

This is the type of recipe that the gourmet delights to create. This is where the young homemaker learns to exercise her imagination, to vary the basic recipe, and to do clever things with a basic sauce, with eggs and cheese and the odds and ends from her refrigerator and food cupboard.

Eggs are the finest of all culinary handiers. Hard-boiled eggs can be transformed into dozens of appetising guises . . . in cheese sauce, in curried sauce, in mushroom sauce, in sauce rich with chopped ham and spring onions.

Every homemaker interested in the fine art of cookery learns to make an omelet and knows something of the delicate rite of flavoring it. A four-egg fluffy omelet is considered by many sufficient for four portions, but if you have a light hand with it you are likely to find it barely sufficient for two.

Spaghetti is another "must" in the cupboard for the occasion when something light and hot is called for. For most recipes 6oz. of spaghetti is ample for serving four; cook in fast-boiling water until tender and rinse in cold water before combining with sauce and/or flavor vegetables and herbs.

BAKED EGGS CELESTINE

Four eggs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs 1 cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, powdered parsley or paprika.

Saute the onion for 3 minutes in the butter. Add the crumbs, cheese, and salt. Turn the mixture into four thickly greased individual oven dishes. Break an egg into each and sprinkle lightly with pepper and salt. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 10 minutes or until eggs are tightly set. Dust before serving with powdered parsley or paprika. For four.

CREAM CHEESE AND CHIVE OMELET

Four eggs, ½ cup cream cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, ¼ cup milk or water.

Separate egg-yolks and whites. Beat yolks until creamy. Beat in cream cheese, chives, salt and pepper. Add milk and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a buttered, warmed, 9in. frying-pan. Cook over fairly low heat for 3 to 5 minutes or until omelet is puffed up and browned on bottom. Loosen edges with a round-topped knife. Brown top in moderate oven or under griller. Fold over in two and slip on to hot serving dish. Serve at once. For two to four.

SCALLOPED CORN AND CRABMEAT

One cup cooked corn, stripped from the cob, 1 tablespoon salad oil, ½ cup crabmeat (or whitebait), ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, ½ teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1½ cups white sauce, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, pepper and salt.

Heat corn in salad oil. Combine crabmeat, lemon rind and juice, green pepper, onion, and white sauce. Place corn in greased oven dish or individual cocottes in layers with the fish mixture. Top with breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Brown, heating to sizzling point in oven or under griller. For four.

CREAMED NOODLES WITH KIDNEY AND BACON

Six ounces noodles or spaghetti, 1½ cups white sauce, ½ cup finely grated cheese, 4 kidneys, 2 thin rashers of bacon, pepper and salt, 2 slices of lemon.

Drop noodles into fast-boiling salted water. Add lemon slices and cook quickly until soft, about 8 minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water. Split kidneys, rinse in boiling water, brush with oil or French salad dressing, and grill under moderate heat for 10 to 15 minutes, turning to brown both sides. Remove rind from bacon and cut each rasher in two, roll, skewer, and grill until crisp. Combine noodles and sauce and correct seasoning to taste. A little mustard or Worcestershire sauce may be added. Turn into greased individual cocottes or a casserole. Sprinkle with cheese. Brown under griller or in oven. Top with hot kidney and bacon. For four.

SCALLOPED APPLES AND CHEESE

Four medium sized cooking apples, ½ cup soft fine breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup grated cheddar type cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, pepper and salt, little milk.

Peel, core, and slice apples thinly. Grease an ovenproof dish or individual dishes. Place apples, cheese, and crumbs in layers, adding nutmeg and cayenne to breadcrumbs, seasoning each layer lightly with pepper and salt and moistening well with milk. Top with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until apples are soft, about 30 minutes. Serve hot with toast fingers. For four.

Continued on page 46

CREAMED NOODLES with a crusty cheese topping and grilled kidneys and bacon . . . suit simple or sophisticated supper parties . . . serve piping hot on a cold night.

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IF YOU DIP bacon in flour before frying or grilling it will be crisp and golden . . Hint from Dorothy Morris, MGM player, pictured above.

These win cash prizes

● Any of these simple recipes from readers will find a welcome place in your files.

THE apple yeast cakes are a variation of the family yeast bun.

Try the potato fish layer flanked with greens and cheesed tomato halves.

Top the bubble bread wafers with hot apple puree or serve them cold and crisp with a salad luncheon.

Now send us your best recipe and it may win you a cash prize.

APPLE YEAST CAKES

Four ounces margarine or good fat, 1lb. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾oz. yeast, ½ pint milk, 1 egg, 2oz. sugar, little melted butter, brown sugar, cinnamon.

Warm milk, add beaten egg, yeast, and 1 teaspoon of the sugar. Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine, add remainder of 2oz. sugar. Mix to a soft dough with milk mixture. Knead well, replace in basin, cover and stand in a warm place 1 hour or until doubled in bulk. Knock down, knead again. Divide into 18 pieces. Shape into balls, flatten slightly. Peel, core, and slice apples. Press apple sections down on to cakes in overlapping sections. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon.

Place on greased tray, cover with greased paper, and bake in a hot oven, 400deg. F., for 20 to 25 minutes—removing paper after first 10 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Oakey, 6 Martlesham Crescent, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

CURRIED FISH CROQUETTES

One cup cooked spaghetti or macaroni, 1 cup cooked flaked fish, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, salt to taste, 1 tablespoon flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.

Combine spaghetti or macaroni with fish, white sauce, curry powder, lemon juice, and salt. Spread on a flat plate and allow to cool. Take a spoonful at a time, roll in seasoned flour, shape into a croquette, coat with egg glazing, and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain well before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

BUBBLE BREAD WAFERS

Two ounces margarine or good clean fat, 6oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 2oz. grated cheese, little milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in margarine or fat, add cheese. Mix to a very dry dough with a little milk. Roll out very thinly, cut into long thin strips; prick well with a fork, brush with milk. Place on a cold tray and bake in a hot oven, 400deg. F., for 8 to 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Dulcie L. Nichols, 6 Dalton Ave., West Hobart.

POTATO FISH LAYER

Six medium potatoes, 2 teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1½ cups cooked vegetables (carrot, celery, peas), 1½ cups cooked flaked fish, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup white sauce.

Mash cooked potatoes and cream with butter, milk, egg-yolk, and cheese. Grease two 7in. sandwich tins, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and fill with potato mixture. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven until lightly browned. Combine cooked vegetables, fish, and lemon juice, bind with sauce and heat thoroughly. Remove potato carefully from tins, sandwich with fish filling; serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. E. Brown, 148 Queen Victoria St., Bexley, N.S.W.

LIGHT, HOT, AND SAVORY

Continued from page 45

LAMB TARTARE

Two cups shredded corned lamb or mutton (cooked), 3 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin, 1 dessertspoon capers or 2 or 3 pickled onions, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives, 4 slices lemon, parsley sprigs, toast fingers or melba toast.

Skin tomatoes (plunge into boiling water and skins are easily removed); slice and cook in butter until soft. Add shredded meat, gherkin, capers, or sliced pickled onion, curry powder, and chives. Serve piping hot, topped with lemon and parsley, with toast fingers or crisp melba toast.

TOMATOES CHATELAINE

Four tomatoes (even, medium size), ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 dozen oysters, salt, pepper, ½ cup grated cheese, dash of cayenne, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Wash tomatoes, remove stem ends, scoop out centre pulp, leaving shell about ½in thick; sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Chop pulp and combine with breadcrumbs, lemon juice, oysters, and season with cayenne and salt. Fill tomatoes with stuffing, top with grated cheese, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F) about 20 minutes.

QUICK RELIEF

FAST! One Anacin ingredient brings relief in a hurry.

PROLONGED! Another Anacin ingredient provides prolonged relief from pain.

Amazing shortening of that agonising wait for relief from pain. Next time you suffer from the pain of neuritis, neuralgia, 'flu or bad heads, take Anacin.

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. It contains not just one ingredient . . . but a combination of medically proven and active ingredients prepared in tablet form. Buy now. Be ready for pain. Anacin should bring faster relief than anything you've ever tried before.

Two at a time are sufficient.

ANACIN

RHEUMATISM? SCIATICA? LUMBAGO?

You need SCHUMANN'S

Half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a glass of warm water first every morning helps to eliminate uric acid and to rid the digestive tract, kidneys and liver of accumulated poisons. Schumann's generally stimulate all the organs of the body . . . they tone up the whole system . . . enable you to FEEL as LOOK fit, STAY fit.

THE PRE-WAR SCHUMANN'S IS BACK AGAIN. Pre-war QUALITY, Pre-war EFFICACY.

Enjoy again your morning glass of SCHUMANN'S, as crystal clear as the waters of the mineral springs.

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Are Taken in Neglecting Even Simple Cases

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic, and there is also the danger of ulceration, which is difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cases cured have made it famous in every part of the world. It enjoys a great demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give the relief you so sorely need. Beware all substitutes. Remember the name DOAN'S.

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Sunday isn't Sunday

WITHOUT THIS SUNDAY DINNER TREAT

WHAT better dish could you choose to "round off" a happy dinner than Swallow & Ariell Plum Pudding? Made to a famous old English recipe, and rich with the wholesome goodness of the choicest ingredients spiced to tasty perfection, Swallow & Ariell Plum Puddings have been universal favourites for over 70 years.

And the BIG thing is, they're so easy to serve! There's no mixing—no making. You merely heat as required, and the most delicious puddings you have ever tasted are ready for the table.

Any day's a Gala Day when you serve Swallow & Ariell Plum Puddings.

Ask for them always; the name is a guarantee of quality that never varies.

SERVE

Swallow & Ariell PLUM PUDDING

FOR EVERY FAMILY OCCASION

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Days gone by and Days to come . . .

Just as Vantona "Court" Bedcovers were the vogue in the days gone by, so they will be in the days to come.

Whatever changes fashion decrees Vantona will be abreast of the times and soon it is hoped you will be able to choose to your heart's content from a new and very exclusive range which for beauty of colour and novelty of design will be completely outstanding.

In addition to "Court" Bedcovers, the Vantona range includes "Joyous Morn" Towels, Blansheets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings—all will bear the VANTONA Tab.

VANTONA *household* **TEXTILES**

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Why does she *always* **look so fit & happy?**

BECAUSE she always observes her golden health rule. Every night, at bedtime, whether at home or on holiday, she takes a couple of Bile Beans.

While she sleeps Bile Beans create "inner health." They gently assist in the elimination of all toxic wastes.

If you would always be fit and happy follow her example. Ask your chemist or store for a bottle to-day. 1/3 or 3/-.

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ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS CURBED in 3 MINUTES

To-day, thanks to Mendaco, there is no reason why any man or woman should suffer **ASTHMA ATTACKS** with the ever-lasting fight for breath, and the tightness on the chest which makes going to bed at night a positive nightmare. Mendaco—a famous doctor's prescription—is guaranteed to ease your breathing, permit you to eat any kind of food without harm, stop your heart thumping against your ribs—or money back. Go to your chemist now, but insist on Mendaco—the medicine that must give you relief or money back.

Mendaco works quickly to relieve your Asthma or Bronchitis, yet contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It acts in these 3 ways:—

(1) **Loosens and relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in throat and bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply, and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs.**

(2) **Removes the mucus or phlegm which poison the system.**

(3) **Drives out the poisons and irritating factors and helps to refresh and build up the blood, thus increasing energy and so fortifying the system against recurring attacks.**

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RETURN *of the* FASCINATOR

● This winter the fascinator will reach the height of its glory. Make this—and wear it!

IT is so versatile because it can be worn to advantage with day clothes, and will act also as a perfect foil for your loveliness in the evening.

Material: Patons Azalea crochet and knitting wool, 4oz.; 1 crochet hook, No. 7.

Approximate Tension: One hole, approximately 1in.; cluster, when completed, about 1in. in height and slightly under 1in. across.

Note: Use double thickness of wool throughout, and treble thickness for bobbles on front and end.

Begin at one corner with 4 ch.

1st Row: Work 6 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. into 2nd d.c., 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next stitch d.c., 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into last d.c., turn.

From now on work every row as follows:—

Nine ch., work 1 tr. into same tr. out of which you have worked the ch. (that is work a tr. into first tr. in row), * 2 ch., miss ch. below, work 1 tr. into next tr., *; rep. from * to * to end of row; then work 2 ch. 1 tr. into last tr. in row. Rep. this row, and always work the last tr. into third ch. of the 9 ch. when you turn.

Cont. rep. the last row (inc. a hole either side of every row until you have worked 33 rows alt.). Fasten off. Lightly press work with a damp cloth and hot iron.

Using treble thickness of thread from now on, join thread to 13th row, counted from beg. of point where work was started, and work 1 ch. and 1 d.c. into each hole along front and up to and including 13th row on other side of front point. This will form the head shape.

Then work a row of 13 clusters (one in each alt. hole) as follows:—

3 ch. then work 10 tr. into the d.c. 1 ch., turn and work a half d.c. (i.e., just pull up one loop) into each of the 10 tr. (11 loops now on hook), wool over hook, and draw through all loops (this completes one cluster), 5 ch., then work another cluster as just described. Fasten off when the 13 clusters have been completed. Work 3 clusters on each of the points.

THE DIRECTIONS given for making this charming fascinator are simple to follow and very quick to crochet. Its utter simplicity is relieved by little bobble-like rosettes which rest across the top of the head and dangle in such a fascinating and provocative way at the ends of the shawl. The original was crocheted in a soft blue shade, but you can make it in any color to glamorise your personality.

Seeds to sow

THE following vegetable seeds can be sown in New South Wales during April.

Broad beans, beetroots, broccoli, cabbage, Chinese cabbage, carrots, parsnips, chives, herbs, kohl rabi, leeks, lettuce, onions, peas, radish, rhubarb crowns, silver beet, table and sweet turnips, tomatoes (in frost-free districts).

Victoria: Cabbage, cauliflower, kale, spinach, silver beet, lettuce, endive, peas, onions, leeks, carrots, beets, turnips, swedes, radish.

South Australia: Broad beans, cabbage, cauliflower, carrot, lettuce, onions, parsnips, peas, radishes, turnips, swedes, and spinach.

Southern Queensland: Beans, beets, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, lettuce, parsnips, peas, radishes, silver beet, tomatoes, turnips, and swedes.

The following flower seeds can be sown in Queensland, South Australia, and N.S.W. during April: Alyssum, anemone, didiscus, calendula, eschscholtzia, calliopsis, candytuft, canterbury bells, cinerarias, clarkia, cornflower, delphinium, dianthus, helichrysum bellis perennis, ageratum, myosotis, gaillardia, geum, godetia, hollyhock iceland poppy, larkspur, leptosyne, linaria, lobelia, nigella, lupins, mignonette, mimulus, nemesia, pansy, pentstemon, phlox, scabious, schizanthus, primula, ranunculus, shasta, shirley poppy, snapdragon, statice, stock, sweet peas, sweet williams, verbena, viola, wallflower.

Victoria, same as for others, except for anemone, didiscus, gaillardia and phlox.—OUR HOME GARDENER.

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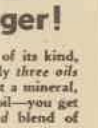

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Mrs. M.L.E., Thompson Estate, Brisbane: "Since taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different person of me. I am feeling splendid, can do housework, run about and walk miles although I am 70 years of age. Cystex does all you claim."

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This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Husbands Three

Continued from page 13

By this time Mr. Heppelwaite would be popeyed, but she would go on relentlessly, "As for you yourself, you are not unattractive, and you're certainly a gentleman. Too much of one, if I may say so. If you only weren't so executive all the time, Mr. Heppelwaite!"

This would be, to Mr. Heppelwaite, like a wife abusing her husband for being faithful. He would wince.

Then she might add, "If you're as executive about shaving in the morning, or about getting the juice out of a lemon without squirting, I don't see how your wife survived as long as she did. I have to see every funny picture just as an antidote.

"Furthermore, your disposition is not always perfect. Some Mondays, if your Sunday golf's been sour, are like a nine-to-five storm at sea. Yes, you are objectionable, Mr. Heppelwaite—though a bit sweet at the same time. I'd like to muss up your hair for you. I think I'd like to pull out a handful. I've worked for you for ten years and I don't believe you've ever been conscious of me as a person, much less as a woman."

Mr. Heppelwaite would now have fallen across his desk in a state of complete collapse.

And that was just the trouble. The truth would hurt Mr. Heppelwaite, and he was really too nice to be hurt, especially by such a gentle person as Miss Stoneygate.

She sat up late, planning how to break the news, and this time she conspired openly with the pixies and gremlins. "I'll pop the eyes out of your head, you high-powered iceberg!" she said to herself happily. "So I m a piece of office furniture, am I? We'll see!"

. . . . . .

Mr. Heppelwaite heard her announce her resignation without a change in his expression. He took off his glasses and polished them carefully. "I find this difficult to understand," he said. "Surely you are no immature girl, to leave The Company for a small increase elsewhere. I'm sure you understand The Company's retirement benefits and——"

"I am getting married," Miss Stoneygate interrupted. He was supposed to look at her at this point with new interest, suddenly aware of her appeal. Instead, he looked at her as though she were a dividend report or a statement of earnings. She became a little desperate. She bit her lips, breathed deeply, and said, "I'm getting married as soon as I can get a divorce."

"I had the impression," said Mr. Heppelwaite, and he spoke just as he did at a board meeting, "that you were a widow."

"Oh, that was the first one," said Miss Stoneygate. "This one I'm divorcing." Three husbands, she was sure, would do it. She waited for his gasp of surprise.

Instead, he replaced his glasses casually. His private phone rang and he murmured a polite "Excuse me" and talked for ten minutes about an impending merger. Miss Stoneygate waited uncomfortably until he turned back to her. "And now—you were saying? You are about to marry a third time?"

Miss Stoneygate could have pounced across the desk at him. She threw caution out of the window. "For the fourth time," she said. "Do you remember the two-month vacation you gave me five years ago?"

He seemed to recall it vaguely. "You visited a relative, I believe," he said. "You sent a postcard."

"I forwarded that to a friend to post for me. Actually I spent that time on affairs connected with divorcing my second husband. And now I'm in the process of divorcing my third." She smiled wryly. "It's such a bore really."

Mr. Heppelwaite didn't seem interested in whether it was a bore or not. He tapped his desk the way he always did when he considered weighty matters. "Is it possible you could continue with us, even though you remarry?" he asked.

Miss Stoneygate laughed at such an absurd and preposterous idea. "I couldn't possibly!" she said. Inside, black despair gripped her. She was licked and she knew it. She was the typewriter, the filing cabinet, Mr. Heppelwaite's private safe—but she definitely wasn't a woman. And yet she kept on, making one last try. "My new husband wouldn't consent to my working," she said. "I can't mention his name yet. We want to postpone the publicity as long as possible. You see, he's one of the richest men in the country!"

Mr. Heppelwaite sighed. "The Company will find it difficult to replace you," he said, and reached for the phone.

Miss Stoneygate left abruptly. She went to the restroom to enjoy a good cry. That Mr. Heppelwaite, she decided, was cruel and brutal, an inhuman egomaniac with ink in his veins and an adding machine for a heart. And at the same time she decided this, her subconscious broke loose again and told her she had loved Mr. Heppelwaite for a long time, and never so desperately as at this very moment.

If her mood had not been so black and her despair so deep, she would never have allowed herself to be picked up that evening.

She had gone for dinner to her favorite tearoom round the corner from where she lived, and she sat at her favorite table, staring at the blurred typewritten menu and not caring in the least what she ordered. She pushed from her a plate of flavorless soup, sighed heavily, and raised her eyes to see a burly and broad-shouldered man of about her own age standing before her. He smiled and bowed politely and, though other tables were empty, he seated himself at hers.

He was really very nice, and a gentleman, she decided, even if his manner of speaking was sometimes a little crude. If he was alone in the city, as he said, and sometimes got a little lonely, Miss Stoneygate was certainly the one to understand about that. His name was Mr. Costigan, and he was a bachelor, with a room in the neighborhood.

They chatted innocuously during their dinner, and shortly thereafter Miss Stoneygate found herself on her way to a picture show with him. Later he saw her home, pressed her hand warmly as she said good-night, and left.

He had made the desolate evening tolerable for her and she was grateful. It wasn't until the next evening, when he appeared again beside her at the tearoom, that she realised here at last was a man who was interested, who thought her attractive and desirable. She asked herself at once a logical question—was she interested in him, and if not, could she be?

She decided before dinner was over he was far from ideal. A diamond in the rough is all very well, but Miss Stoneygate liked nice table manners and a certain gentility of speech and dress. But Mr. Costigan was very male, and very much better than nothing. His attentions soothed her hurt vanity and restored a confidence which Mr. Heppelwaite's indifference had left hanging on the ropes, battered and bleeding. Miss Stoneygate, without committing her heart, did the sensible thing. When he suggested another picture-show she made a counter suggestion that they go to her flat, where she could make coffee and they could sit and talk.

Mr. Costigan accepted readily, and a half hour later was settled comfortably in her one good chair. His glance went round the well-kept room and eventually rested on the photograph of Miss Stoneygate's Uncle Ned in his young days.

"Who's the mug?" Mr. Costigan asked.

After ten years Miss Stoneygate's fiction was automatic. "My husband," she said. "My late husband, George. He's been dead for years."

"Tough," said Mr. Costigan succinctly. "What bumped him off?"

Please turn to page 51

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Husbands Three

Continued from page 49

MISS STONEYGATE kept several versions of George's departure on tap, and she immediately plunged into her favorite, in which George nobly gave his life in saving his wife from drowning. It had been an ideal marriage, and they had been together only a year when tragedy struck.

When she finished, Mr. Costigan stood up. "I certainly am unlucky," he said. "I might have known this would happen."

"Goodness," said Miss Stoneygate. "Has something happened?"

He stared at her gravely. "As soon as I saw you in that restaurant I said, 'Now, there's a girl I'd like to know. There's a girl I'd like to know real well.' And now look!"

"Now look what?"

"I hoped I could take you round and we'd have some fun," went on Mr. Costigan, "and here you are still in love with this fellow."

"But George has been——"

"Yes, I know, but you're still in love with him just the same. I'm not going round with a girl who's thinking of someone else all the time."

"You mean I shouldn't go on living with my memories, however sacred?"

"Something like that," said Mr. Costigan. "Think I'll be running along now."

"Sit down a minute," said Miss Stoneygate. "I have something to tell you."

She recited for the first time in ten years the drab facts of her life, and she was just as glib as she had been with her friends in reciting her colorful fiction. She made no apologies. She admitted she had once said she was married, for no reason at all, and then had kept on saying it over and over.

"I suppose I wanted to be married," she admitted. The humiliating truth was her bid to be taken round by Mr. Costigan, and to be given some fun, because it would be nicer to go round with him than not to go round at all. "So you see," she finished, "there's been no one."

Mr. Costigan seemed relieved. He chuckled long and loud. "That changes everything," he said. "You'll be seeing me soon, Toots."

She saw him, it turned out, much sooner than she expected. Next day she returned from lunch to her desk outside Mr. Heppelwaite's office, and just as she was settling to the afternoon's work, Mr. Costigan appeared, coming from the inner sanctum.

"Mr. Costigan!" she cried.

"Hello, Toots," said Mr. Costigan. "Your boss will be wanting to see you soon."

"Do you know Mr. Heppelwaite?"

"Rather," said Mr. Costigan. "So long, Toots. I have to take the missus to lunch."

The buzzer on her desk rang. She entered into Mr. Heppelwaite's presence, her face grim and set, and saw him studying some papers with curious intentness. "Please sit down," he said. "I have here a very interesting report about you from an investigation agency which——"

"Mr. Costigan!" said Miss Stoneygate.

"The Costigan Detective Bureau," said Mr. Heppelwaite. "You've heard of it, no doubt. I decided the other day, after your fabulous life story, to find out a few things. These detectives have ways of getting information."

"Costigan certainly has," said Miss Stoneygate grimly. "The rat!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Heppelwaite in alarm.

"He made love to me, and got me to tell him everything," she said. "That's how he found out." She bowed her head, and for the first time in ten years wept openly in office hours.

Mr. Heppelwaite sprang to his feet, thumping the table. "The man's a cad!" he cried.

"So is the man who hired him," sobbed Miss Stoneygate.

"I had no idea he would use such methods," said Mr. Heppelwaite, contritely.

"He believes in the direct approach." Miss Stoneygate raised her swimming eyes to stare at the repentant Mr. Heppelwaite. "So now you know," she said. "I haven't had three husbands. I never even had one."

"But why?" he asked—"why did you say you had?"

Miss Stoneygate dried her eyes.

"Tell me first," she said. "Why did you have me investigated? What did it matter what I told you? You never noticed me, anyway."

Mr. Heppelwaite cleared his throat unhappily. "For one thing," he said, "I wanted to find out why you were leaving The Company after all these years."

"You're going to find out," she said. "I was trying not to hurt your feelings, but now that doesn't matter." She took a deep breath. Mr. Heppelwaite was about to squirm, to become popeyed, to collapse across his desk. She didn't care. She looked forward to it with considerable relish. "The Company is all right," she said, "but I'm not married to it the way you are. I want a life of my own. So confound The Company."

Mr. Heppelwaite, just as she'd thought he would, became popeyed, "Upon my soul!" he murmured.

"Then there's you!" went on Miss Stoneygate. "You are the stuffiest stuffed shirt who ever said nothing and took twenty minutes to say it at a stockholders' meeting. Business is business, but it doesn't have to be meat and drink. Did you ever try to be human?"

Mr. Heppelwaite leaned back and stared at her. "I never would have believed it!" he gasped.

"You have a time clock between your ears instead of a brain," went on Miss Stoneygate. "You are a nine-to-five inhuman dynamo. I can't even imagine what you are the rest of the time."

Mr Heppelwaite was practically speechless. "No one has talked to me like that for a long time," he breathed eventually.

"Then it's about time someone did," said Miss Stoneygate firmly. "It's about time—"

Mr. Heppelwaite leaped from his chair with an agility she had never seen before. "Don't I know it!" he cried. "Of course it's time!"

Miss Stoneygate merely stared.

Mr. Heppelwaite was waving his hands wildly. "No one has talked to me like that since my dear wife died," he went on. "She was the only one who could keep me in line. Since she's gone I've got stuffier and stuffier. Dear Miss Stoneygate, believe me, I've fought against it.

"I started with The Company as an office boy when I was fifteen," continued Mr. Heppelwaite. "I was, as you say, married to it at an early age. But Mrs. Heppelwaite, after we were married, knew how to handle that. 'That hussy,' she once said, and she meant, I am sorry to say, The Company, 'can have you from nine to five. But if you try to bring any part of her home with you, though I'm a well-bred woman, I'll crown you with the nearest thing to a rolling pin we have in the house!' Oh, a very smart woman she was, Miss Stoneygate!" He paused and looked at her with new and sudden admiration. "I never thought I'd ever find another like her!" he said.

Miss Stoneygate sensed that she was turning a brilliant scarlet.

Mr. Heppelwaite's eyes were shining. "But you are as clever and wise and far-seeing as she was!" he cried delightedly. "And if I may become personal during office hours, which is against my principles, you are a fine-looking woman besides! Miss Stoneygate. I have several more appointments for this afternoon, and considerable dictation to get through. But if you are free later, at five o'clock, to join me in a cocktail—"

"Mr. Heppelwaite," interrupted Miss Stoneygate, "there is one thing I must know. Did your wife ever muss up your hair?"

Mr. Heppelwaite smiled nostalgically. "Often," he said happily. "It was, she used to say, a kind of immunisation against stuffiness."

Miss Stoneygate sighed contentedly. "I'll be very glad to join you in a cocktail, Mr. Heppelwaite," she said.

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